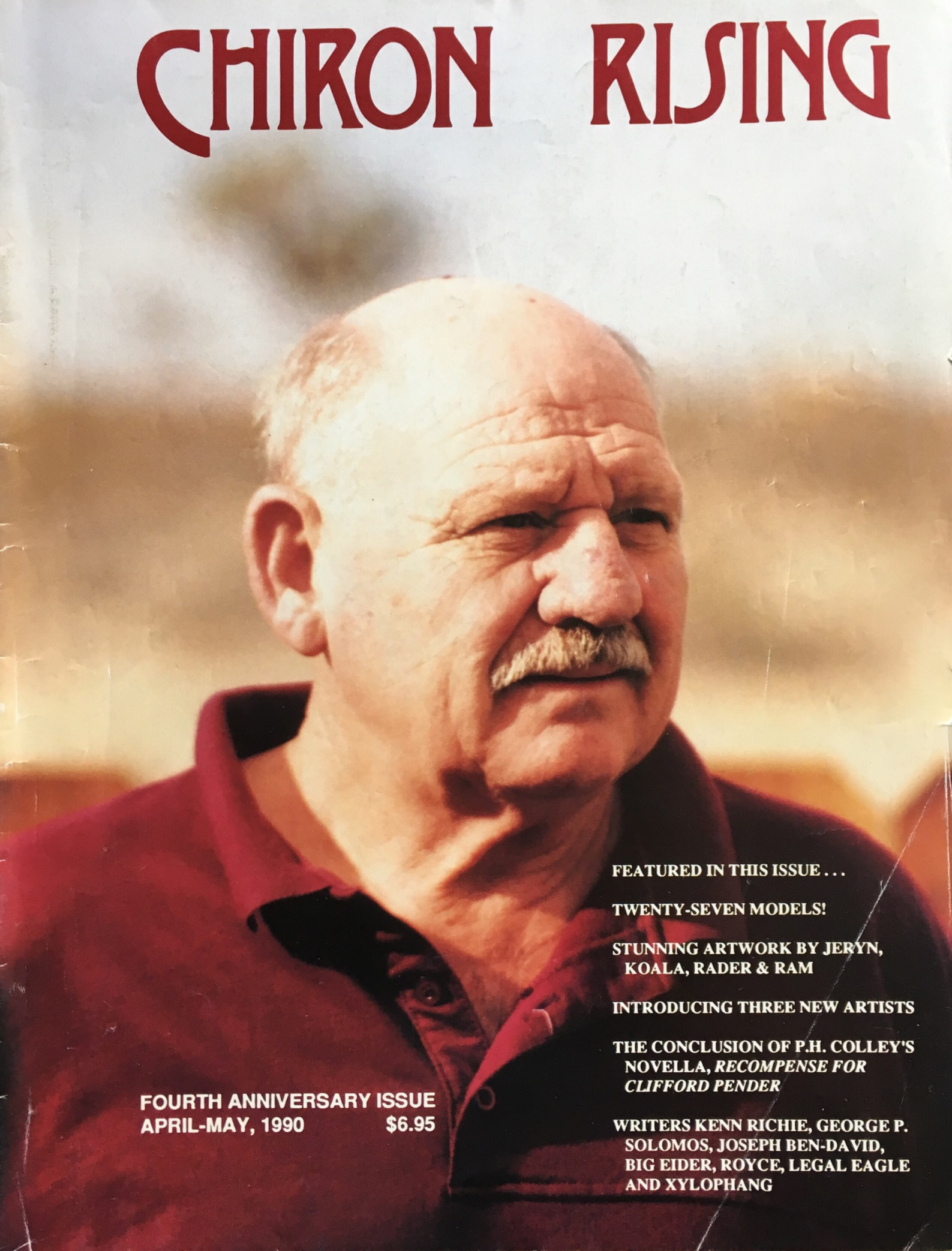
CHIRON RISING



FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE . . .

TWENTY-SEVEN MODELS!

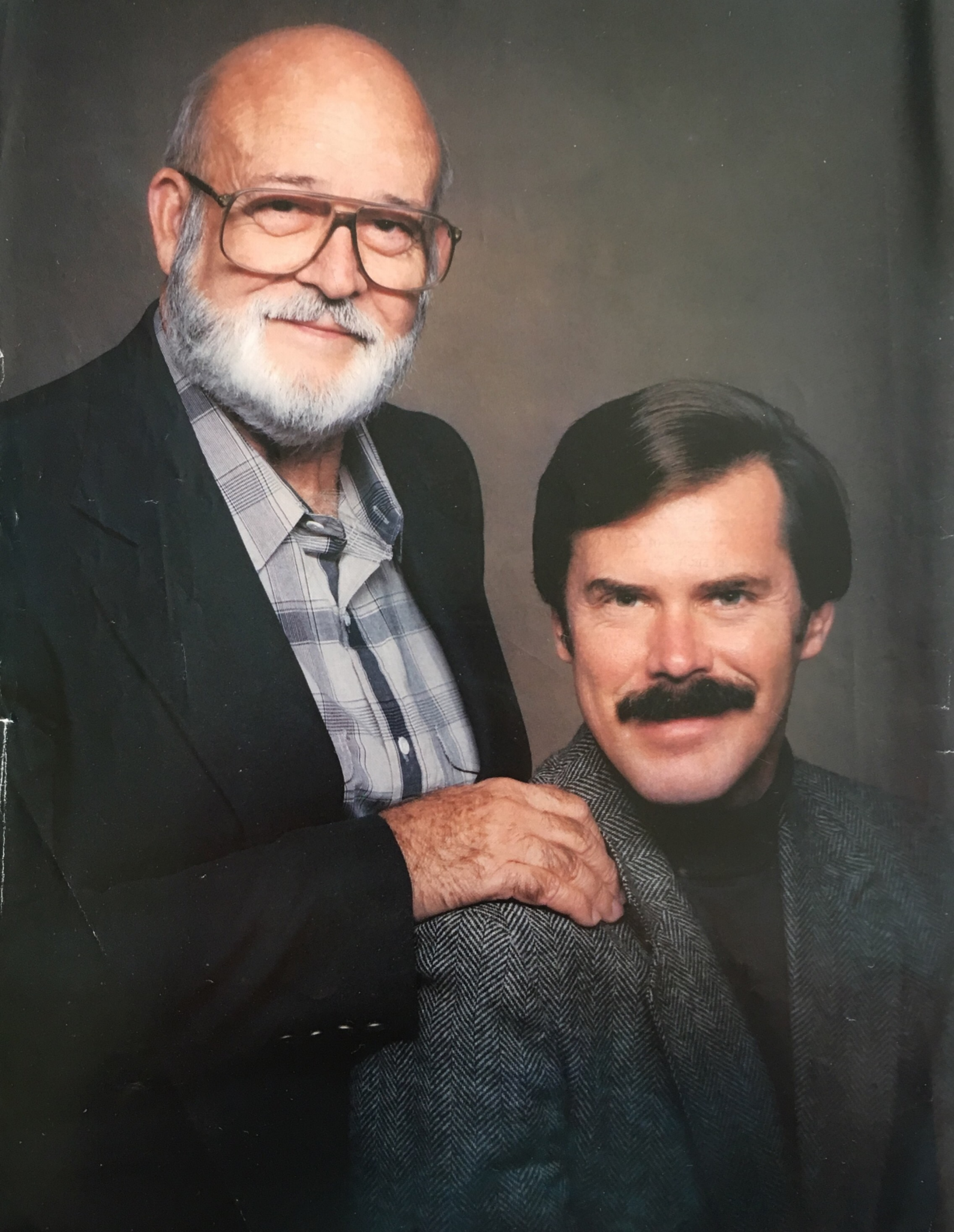
STUNNING ARTWORK BY JERYN, KOALA, RADER & RAM

INTRODUCING THREE NEW ARTISTS

THE CONCLUSION OF P.H. COLLEY'S NOVELLA, *RECOMPENSE FOR CLIFFORD PENDER*

WRITERS KENN RICHIE, GEORGE P. SOLOMOS, JOSEPH BEN-DAVID, BIG EIDER, ROYCE, LEGAL EAGLE AND XYLOPHANG

FOURTH ANNIVERSARY ISSUE
APRIL-MAY, 1990 $6.95



THIS PUBLICATION IS DEDICATED TO THOSE MATURE MEN AND THEIR MALE ADMIRERS WHO SEEK ENTERTAINMENT WHICH GLORIFIES SOCIAL, SPIRITUAL AND SEXUAL RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN ADULT MALES. IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 OR OFFENDED BY SUCH MATERIAL, PLEASE READ NO FURTHER!

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PUBLISHER/EDITOR
Patrick H. Colley

BIG BOSS
The Friar

WRITERS/ARTISTS/ PHOTOGRAPHERS/MODELS
Our Subscribers

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LETTERS

Dear Pat and The Friar: Finally tore myself away from your December-January issue to subscribe. I ordered a copy through another publication and one look at all of these great looking men hooked me for life! It's great to see that so many great-looking men at the finer end of the age spectrum are getting the exposure they deserve. The man who brought me out at 18 (I came on to him!) spoiled me, I guess. He was a powerful, paunchy, 50-year-old bear with thick white chest hair and a magnificent shiny head! I've taken a lot of flack over the type of men I go for, but who cares? "Pimples, pecs and peach fuzz" are no great shake. Have you, by chance, seen a copy of *DRUMMER* that featured some great-looking older guys? It's issue #129, and however people might feel about S & M, the silvery hunk on the cover and center fold (Daddy Bare) is too hot to be missed! I'm looking forward to the next issue. This is a real treat. This is one 34-year-old "pup" who wouldn't mind curling up with a warm, older "bear" for the rest of his life. All of the best, again, and I look forward to my next issue with bated breath! P.S./St. Paul, MN

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: I just found your December-January issue and I am so happy I did. You have formulated and focused all my old fantasies into a cogent whole. Everything is just right. I didn't think I would ever find anyone else who had exactly my own fantasies and were actively doing them on paper. I have been with people like this, but never thought there could be a group that actually pursued them as I do. I like your whole approach of showing naked, older, heavier, hairier, hopefully assertive men. Thanks. I look forward to getting more into what you (and I) like so well. You made my Christmas this year. Thanks. BEN/NYC

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: I regret reading letters to you complaining about the old, fat men's pictures in C-R. I doubt any publication could ever fill everyone's tastes. As a chubby chaser, I love the pictures of the fat guys. Through C-R, I now can appreciate the other guys. I think EX-LOGGER is very nice and enjoy THE BIKER and THE COLONEL. C-R offers a variety of men which should appeal to a big portion of the gay society. Not everyone is an Adonis, nor does everyone want one. These people should stop to consider that they are not everyone's ideal either. Not everyone who is slim and trim now is going to remain so. As you get older, things change and then those young, slim studs are not going to be interested in you unless you "pay" for it. When my ad appeared a few months back, I got 8 replies which I felt was reasonable for the way my ad read. I wrote to 12 ads for pictures and pen pals and was pleased to get 6 responses. There are too many other sources for non-fats, so let these guys try to find contacts there. I wish you more success than you now have and look forward to renewing my subscription when it is due. Sincerely, R.Y./North Carolina.

***

CHIRON: Enclosed is my check to renew [my] subscription for 1990. I much enjoyed the look of your Christmas issue. The artwork from SAMSON was especially subtle and evocative, and more fairly fits my idea of "art" than the illustrations one usually finds in the "literature." Re your [renewal] notice: I urge you to restrain the impulse to announce your poverty at every turn. It reflects an attitude that only reinforces the condition. Even if you cannot really believe that you'll succeed, at least project success through your medium. Otherwise, you might have a self-fulfilling prophesy! Idea for increasing circulation: Advertise in *AARP* magazine; something small and discrete [sic] in the classified section. You would reach a segment of your potential audience who [sic] would never know you exist otherwise. Do you really think much of your potential audience reads *ADVOCATE*? Finally, I'm sending you my contribution to your literacy. Use it if you like, just give me whatever perks you give your contributors. Please credit my nom de plume as indicated. Very truly yours, [*name withheld*]. P.S. My subscription address is on the check. For God's sake don't send it to my office!

[Editor's Note: The above writer also wrote "whimper" in the column of our renewal notice, which advised that we couldn't afford to send second notices.]

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: At the beginning of this new year, I wish you professional success in your enterprise (more and more subscribers for this incredible and marvelous and fantastic magazine), good health, and happiness and fondness for you two (and your friends). I wish us more and more beautiful photos of the men we love, special issues as marvelous as the ENCORE COLLECTION and perhaps a gay mature men's video? I kiss you (especially The Friar on his belly). R.G./Lyon, France.

[Editor's Note: Videos are now in the works. See XYLOPHANG this issue.]

***

Dear Pat and The Friar: The photograph of ZIPPER in your recent issue inspired me to do many things, one of which is to write my first letter to any publication. You deserve a standing ovation for capturing, in the photo of ZIPPER, the lusty sexuality of the mature man. Your novella, RECOMPENSE FOR CLIFFORD PENDER also inspired me, especially the scene in which Clifford and Dominick "get together." In my mind I played the scene out as Clifford and ZIPPER played the part of Dominick. As a youngster I often fantasized about older beefy men. My father was a pilot in the U.S. Air Force and, during the summer months, I would spend most of the day at the officers club swimming pool. I could spend gleeful hours swimming and diving and just as many in the shower room to catch a glimpse of these men changing from their uniforms to their swim suits. Pretty heady images for a boy of my age then. Now that I'm in my 40s, I still remember and turn on to those early images of older men. I would like to thank you for having the courage and commitment to

present such wonderful imagery like the drawings of RAM and RADER (which always make me horny), short stories with positive older gay characters, and the articles of special legal and medical interest to the mature man. Hugs to you all. J.O./San Francisco.

***

ANNOUNCEMENTS

GLOE (Gay & Lesbian Outreach to Elders) is a senior social services organization which offers practical and emotional support to newly bereaved senior men. Made up of non-professional volunteers, GLOE's efforts are aimed primarily at non-AIDS related cases. Contact GLOE at (415) 626-7000, Monday thru Thursday, 11:00 am to 3:00 pm.

***

As you might have surmised, we do not have a distributor in this country. We gave up on trying to get distributors to return our calls, so we learned how to do it ourselves. As a result, we've had to develop our own relationships with bookstores and handle all distribution ourselves.

Many bookstore magazine buyers are not too keen on magazines catering to (shudder) mature men; consequently, they shitcan our presentation of terms and sample issue. Our most obvious cold shoulders come from the cities of Miami, Ft. Lauderdale and San Diego. We therefore ask our readers in those cities to ask bookstore personnel about C-R at each opportunity and demand to know why it isn't on their shelves. With your help, we can reach the multitude of seniors and senior lovers in those areas who don't know about us. Please help us—and them— out.

***

And speaking of bookstores, we still need names and addresses of adult and gay bookstores in cities like Portland, Spokane, Sacramento, Las Vegas, Phoenix, Albuquerque, El Paso, San Antonio, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Shreveport, New Orleans, Memphis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Little Rock, Milwaukee, Des Moines, Indianapolis, Nashville, Birmingham, Atlanta, Jacksonville, Tampa/St. Petersburg, Detroit, Cleveland, Norfolk and Buffalo.

Just recently, our model, DAVID II come up with a great idea. He offered to represent us and drop in on some of his local bookstore proprieters in his area. We gave him a letter of introduction, stating that he was authorized to represent us, along with sample issues and terms of sale. And I'll be damned if it didn't work! So how about it, guys? If you live in one of the cities mentioned above--or if you live in a smaller city with adult or gay bookstores--volunteer to help us get our product to the people who need it. All you have to do is visit the stores, ask to see the manager and drop the presentation off. A little sales pitch won't hurt either.

In the past three months, our bookstore sales have increased 85%, so we're doing something right. With your help, we can increase it another 85%.

WITNESS FOR C-R!

BOOKSTORES WHICH SELL CHIRON RISING

U.S.

A Brother's Touch - Minneapolis
A Different Light - Los Angeles
A Different Light - New York
A Different Light - San Francisco
Beyond the Closet - Seattle
Category Six - Denver
Glad Day - Boston
Giovanni's Room - Philadelphia
Jay's Bookstall - Pittsburgh
Lambda Rising - Washington
Lobo Bookstore - Houston
Lobo/After Dark - Dallas
Mustang Books - Upland, CA
People Like Us - Chicago
Speedway Books - Tucson

EUROPE

Boekhandel Vrolijk - Amsterdam
The Bronx - Amsterdam
French Art - Paris
Intermale - Amsterdam
Lavendelschwert - Köln
Mannerschwarm - Hamburg
Prinz Eisenherz - Berlin

WANT TO GET PUBLISHED IN CHIRON RISING?

CHIRON RISING offers a tremendous opportunity for retired, novice or professional writers, artists and photographers to get exposure. Because we are still struggling to catch on, we can't pay cash for your creations. We can get you noticed by the right people, though, and we can pay you in other ways. We seek works that hold the mature man in a positive light. Works may be humorous, erotic or serious, but must be in one of the following forms:

—Cartoons.

—Short stories. We no longer accept standard, purely sexual fiction or "porn." We do, however, accept unusual fiction in the genres of adventure, drama, comedy, horror, black comedy, fantasy, etc., the more erotic the better. Manuscripts must be less than 10 double spaced pages and must be edited and highly polished for consideration.

—Drawings, no larger than 8 X 10, unless invited.

—Poetry.

—Essays or articles on any subject of interest to the mature man and his admirers— same as short stories, except limited to 4 double spaced pages.

—Photographs (color or black & white)—full portrait, undisguised preferred, with good contrast and clarity. Will consider nude, clothed, erotic or otherwise. Releases required by those owning the publication rights.

Note: All subjects or characters depicted must be over 21 years of age. Works even hinting of pedophilia or bestiality will not be considered.

All submittals must be accompanied by a self-addressed envelope with adequate postage for return. Payment will be made in CHIRON RISING copies, subscriptions or special issues as agreed to. Unsolicited manuscripts of short stories over 10 pages, novels, novellas, screen plays, plays or any other longer works will not be accepted without previous query.

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HEALTH

THE CASE AGAINST ALCOHOL

According to the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute, people 50 and older should discontinue drinking. New data on alcohol was compiled from 1,968 men and 2,505 women who participated in a heart study. The results indicate that the current belief that an occasional alcoholic drink can be good for you is not accurate. Even a small quantity of daily alcohol consumption can cause dangerous enlargement of the left ventricle of the heart, say the doctors who conducted the study. This enlargement can be especially dangerous to people middle-aged and older. Even the smallest doses of alcohol seem to have some effect on left ventricular mass. Anyone past the age of 50 or so, and certainly anyone who already has an enlarged heart, would be better off not drinking at all. Left ventricular enlargement forces the heart to work harder, causing abnormal heartbeats. The greater the enlargement, the greater the risk of heart failure and cardiac arrest. Granted, previous studies have shown that small doses of alcohol boost "good" cholesterol, but these benefits seem small compared to the newly found risks, according to the study group.

ARE ON-THE-SPOT CHOLESTEROL TESTS ACCURATE?

According to the MAYO CLINIC HEALTH LETER/ January 1990, it is unwise to have your blood cholesterol level checked at a shopping mall or similar on-the-spot screening location. On November 27, 1989, a congressional hearing was held in Washington, D.C., to discuss these important health issues. One government health official noted that techniques used in public cholesterol screenings often are potentially dangerous, and often the test results are inaccurate. Rep. Ron Wyden, D-Ore., who chaired the hearing said, "Public cholesterol screenings are just riddled with questionable health practices that compromise accuracy and safety." Such screenings are not regulated in most states. In surveying 71 public cholesterol screening sites, government officials often found unsanitary testing practices. Also, they noted many groups that perform on-the-spot screenings provide no counseling to help interpret test results. Mayo Clinic's advice: If you're going to have your blood cholesterol level checked, have your doctor or another health care professional associated with a clinic or hospital perform the screening test. Your blood cholesterol level is an important indicator of your health. Don't risk the chance of getting inaccurate readings because of poor screening techniques.

NEW DRUG FOR PARKINSON'S DISEASE

The California Parkinson's Foundation has found that *deprenyl*, approved by the FDA in September, 1989 (under the brand name Eldepryl), may be the first treatment that actually slows the advance of Parkinson's disease. Studies have confirmed that *deprenyl* helped people who were not yet sick enough to require L-Dopa, the standard medication for the incurable brain disease. L-Dopa eases symptoms, but doesn't slow the disease; it is usually prescribed only after relatively severe symptoms develop. The latest study found that the use of deprenyl reduced the need for L-Dopa by 57 percent. Parkinson's disease attacks the brain, causing such symptoms as a shuffling gait and speech difficulties. A half million Americans suffer from the disease. It usually strikes people in their 50s and 60s.

OBSTRUCTIVE SLEEP APNEA

Do you snore excessively while you sleep? Has someone observed that you stop breathing for 20 or 30 seconds (or longer) while you sleep? You just might have a sleeping disorder called "obstructive sleep apnea." This disorder is characterized by periods of sleep during which an obstruction in the upper airway interrupts breathing. According to specialists in Mayo Clinic's Sleep Disorders Center, these pauses in breathing can occur many times an hour and last, on average, from 20 to 30 seconds. In rare instances, some people do not breathe for one to two minutes or longer.

Although most momentary lapses in normal breathing aren't life-threatening, they can still deprive you of sleep and can ultimately exact a toll on your health. Recurring episodes of this disorder can cause sleepiness or fatigue during the day and even bring on headaches and high blood pressure. Obstructive sleep apnea can become life-threatening if you stop breathing for minutes at a time. Your heart and brain become deprived of oxygen-rich blood and you can go into cardiac arrest or suffer brain damage.

Obstructive sleep apnea usually affects middle-aged to elderly men and can be caused by many physical conditions, including obesity, allergies, polyps in the airway, enlargement of tonsils/adenoids or a deviated septum. Age and alcohol can exacerbate the disorder. Men who sleep on their backs are more prone to blockage than those who sleep on their sides or stomachs.

In the past, men with severe disorders had to submit to surgery, which consisted of having the obstructive flesh cut out. Today, medical science offers several less-gruesome options, the most effective being the nasal CPAP (continuous positive airway pressure) unit. A special mask or similar device is worn during sleep and administers a continuous positive flow of pressurized air through the patient's nose and upper airway. The device helps the patient breathe more normally and can even eliminate snoring.

If you think you might benefit from this treatment, see your doctor and have him check you into a sleep disorder clinic. During the overnight test, sleep disorder specialists monitor vital bodily functions such as heart rate, breathing pattern, blood oxygen level and brain activity while you sleep. If you have no medical coverage and think you cannot afford the cost for such a test ($800 to $1000), explain your situation to your doctor and see if a payment schedule can be worked out. For those of you over 65, Medicare's reimbursement policy has been known to be inconsistent at best. Ask your doctor. □

PROFILES OF OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The following writers, artists, models and photographers are featured in this issue. You may write to any of them the same way you write to an advertiser with a codeword. Write your letter and stamp it with a 25 (US), 30 (Canada) or 45 (Overseas, per half ounce) cent stamp. In pencil, in the center, write their name, then place the envelope inside another envelope and mail to us for forwarding.

AARON is a highly talented artist and photographer who lives with his equally talented SHOW BIZ partner in the L.A. area. He is in his late forties and likes his models over 50, burly and very masculine.

SIMON BARR is one of the best photographers we've ever had the pleasure to work with. Although Simon is a subscriber, we really can't say much about him, other than he resides in California and is a professional photographer.

JOSEPH BEN-DAVID, 72, 5'-9-1/2" and 210#, is an exceptionally inventive and talented writer who resides in New York. He's had successful careers as a graphics designer, an exhibiting artist, and an antiques shop owner. A shy nature lover, Joseph seeks an affectionate friend who is a good scrabble player and an intelligent conversationalist—someone who understands the solace in tending a garden in view of the sea.

BILL, JR. is a retired, 53-year-old, 5'-11", 235# ex-football and baseball jock who is still searching for number one. Burly yet submissive, this eligible hunk seeks rugged-looking, beer-drinking, cussing dominants over 50.

BIG JOHN is 6'-0" tall, 195# and has light brown/gray hair. And oh, those hazel eyes! BIG JOHN resides in Florida with his partner, WON-BOL BILL.

CORNELIUS is a brilliant 34-year-old portrait and fantasy artist living in Amsterdam with his chubby lover, aged 42. If you think this man's drawings are powerful, wait until you see his erotically ethereal paintings, which are masterful. We're anxiously awaiting receipt of more!

CHARLES, a 56-year-old Southern California psychologist, is 5'-7", 155#, with blue eyes and greying temples. He'd like to meet masculine men of any age.

THE COLONEL is the big, brawny, hairy, bull-balled lover of KENT JUSTICE. He's Kent's favorite model too. This MAN is quiet and very masculine and, when he says something, everyone listens. See the profile on KENT JUSTICE.

FRANKIE BEARMANIAC is in his 40s and lives with HE-BIG-MAN near Brussels. This silver-haired, handsome guy has one hell of a body and just loves weightlifters and other big men. The incredible man to his right in this issue will have to remain anonymous. Sorry.

GRIZZLY is a 40 year old Windy City Bear, who is looking for other hairy, bearded bears, 35-65. This luscious giant loves kissing, cuddling and nurturing, and is waiting for your letter.

HE-BIG-MAN, also known as the Belgian Colonel, is the life mate of FRANKIE BEARMANIAC and likes mostly hairy, strong men like himself. Both live in a villa in the country outside Brussels.

HUGH, 64, 5'-7-1/2", 148#, with grey hair and brown eyes, hails from South Carolina. He enjoys reading, travel, the beach, Gershwin, Cole Porter, intelligent conversation, politics, no underwear, tight jeans, the theater and MEN.

IRONWORKER is 60ish, built like a brick outhouse and sexy as hell. This retired contractor drove 'em wild at the Best Friends bar during the 1989 Mardi Gras and rumor has it that he shook them up worse in 1990. When he enters the room, jaws drop. He's single but prefers to play the field for now.

JAKE is a senior from North Carolina and calls himself an all-American sort of guy. He's a friend of JOHN WAYNE and JAY, two of our North Carolina models.

JAY is one of our more popular stocky models and lives in North Carolina with one of our most popular trim models, JOHN WAYNE. Many have written in and told us that JAY is just the type of man they would have wanted for a father. One look into those soulful eyes and it's no wonder.

JERYN is a 29-year-old freelance journalist living with a 58-year-old retired engineer in Paris. How wonderful for us that he happened upon our June 89 issue in that Paris bookstore. A super cartoonist, JERYN promises to keep us well stocked for a long time with great material.

KEN is a New Jersey model with one hell of a gorgeous body. He's 60 and obviously works out a lot in a gym. This noble looking creature is really going to make someone awfully happy when they find out he's got brains with his brawn.

KENT JUSTICE is a bright, handsome, 30ish artist/ photographer/ videographer, who lives along the Gulf Coast with his model partner, THE COLONEL. KENT and THE COLONEL have been with us for some time now and have had a hand in countless new subscribers.

KID is a 31-year-old Florida resident who enjoys water skiing and motorcycling. Still seeking "Cap'n."

KIMO, hailing from Hawaii, is 5'-6", 135#, with flaming red hair and a 7" nightstick. We don't know too much about this good looking soul, but we'll bet that you can find out a lot by writing him.

KOALA is a young, medium-weight Oriental guy living in Australia and working throughout Asia as a photojournalist. He's interested in corresponding with chubbies /chubby chasers and getting suggestions on what kind of drawings our readers would like to see.

W. BRUCE LEE is a San Francisco tattoo artist who is known for his exotic depictions of powerful men and their animal friends. URSUS MINOR has graciously allowed us to publish his collection of LEE's works.

LEGAL EAGLE is a 55-year-old attorney who has practiced law for 30 years, the last seven in Southern California. He is single and lives in the Palm Springs area, where he is a corporate attorney for a major corporation. For you younger guys (of legal age) who want a sincere relationship with a sharp, mature man of substance, take note.

LONG LASTING STEVEN sometimes takes 4 hours to climax! He's a very hairy bisexual guy who likes Fr/P anytime, any day, anywhere! He's

a friend of LOULOU and BEAR LOVER and lives in Charleroi, Belgium.

PEDER, A Danish-American residing in San Francisco, is 63, 160# and 5'-7". He's interested in garden work, sun, classical music and stocky men under 6 feet.

RADER is 30 and has always been into older men. His spouse is 45. A professional artist in the Saturday morning cartoon biz, he's successfully crossed over into the erotic genre, having been published in DRUMMER, I.T., The ADVOCATE and FIRST HAND. His popularity is gaining momentum, and we look for great work from this highly talented young man.

RAM is considered one of the best erotic artists in the world today. This highly celebrated professional artist is 50 and lives in the Midwest with his 70-year-old lover. A regular contributor since 1986, RAM came to our rescue when we were frantically looking for the kind of artwork that would turn heads. He gave us our first shot of prestige and we will be forever grateful.

KENN RICHIE is one of the most prolific fiction writer in gay erotica today, and many are saying that he's the best. This Los Angeles senior is an award winning playwright and has written an amazing number of screenplays which went on to become movies.

ROYCE, another brilliant C-R discovery, is a handsome young writer who resides in East Texas. ROYCE introduces a fresh, unique approach to fiction and poetry, and we are amazed that he wasn't discovered before now. See his ad under TEXAS.

SKIP is a 57-year-old, 5'-8", 160#, loving, caring, hairy, uncut, masculine Gemini. His interests include sports, hiking, music, cooking and photography. He seeks letters from other affectionate men, any age or race.

SMILEY is a 40ish, well-put-together Israeli who goes exclusively for mature men over 60. He says that grey hair and a moustache only add fuel to the fire. Originally from South Africa, he now makes his home in Israel.

SUCCUBUS, a bottom, masculine 56-year-old, lives in the San Francisco Bay area. At 6'-1", 230#, 5"/slim/cut, SUCCUBUS' ideal is dominant, macho, older, taller, bigger, longer and thicker.

SWEDISH TAURUS AND AQUARIUS are 44 and 42 and have lived together for 14 years. These handsome, delectable Swedes prefer hairy, bearded men—somewhat heavier. They reside near Stockholm.

URSUS MINOR is a lusciously sexy, powerfully built lover of BIG BEARS who resides in Los Angeles. This 45-year-old, 5'-7", 230#, fun-loving pro-wrestler type likes big, heavyset men, 45 and older. And OH, how big men like him!

WON-BOL BILL is a retired, 85-year-old professional engineer from Ohio. He currently lives in Florida with his partner, C-R model BIG JOHN. Who says you can't look great after 80?

XYLOPHANG is a 52 year old publisher from San Francisco. This man makes you think and, on many occasions, won't tell you what you want to hear. He's done his homework, however, and brings an added, healthy dimension to our publication.

ZIPPER is one of the most fascinating men we've ever had the pleasure of meeting. In his late 50s, this man has a reason to celebrate life. He's miraculously lived through two major heart attacks, episodes of cardiac arrest and heart bypass surgery. He's witnessed unexplained events that will make the hair rise on the necks of the most hard-core cynics. ZIPPER and his lover and business partner, our model NIPPER, live in the Palm Springs area.

***

LEGAL EAGLE

HIS, MINE, OURS . . . . IF A SPLIT COMES, WHO DECIDES, AND HOW?

When two guys share their lives, their homes, their property and their all, they tend to be blinded to the problems lurking if the relationship ends. At what point in a relationship the two discuss the options and make plans is often critical. Ideally, discussions should be held and agreements arrived at when the relationship starts and should be periodically reviewed. Unlike a traditional marriage, where the law provides a degree of protection (and a lot of guidance) to both parties, there is little protection and less guidance for those involved in a gay relationship. In the absence of a specific agreement, one party gets no ownership interest whatsoever in the property of the other party. But even at that, there is the problem of the "specific agreement," or the claim of one. Courts throughout the United States have now held that the claimed agreement does not have to be in writing, and thus have found an agreement to split property, split earnings, or provide a degree of support (in some cases for life) on the claim of an oral agreement.

When a relationship ends, it is helpful if the two have agreed in advance (preferably in writing) on exactly what property is whose, and how a division of the property will be carried out. Jointly held property (property titled in the names of both) is relatively easily divided. Except . . . .

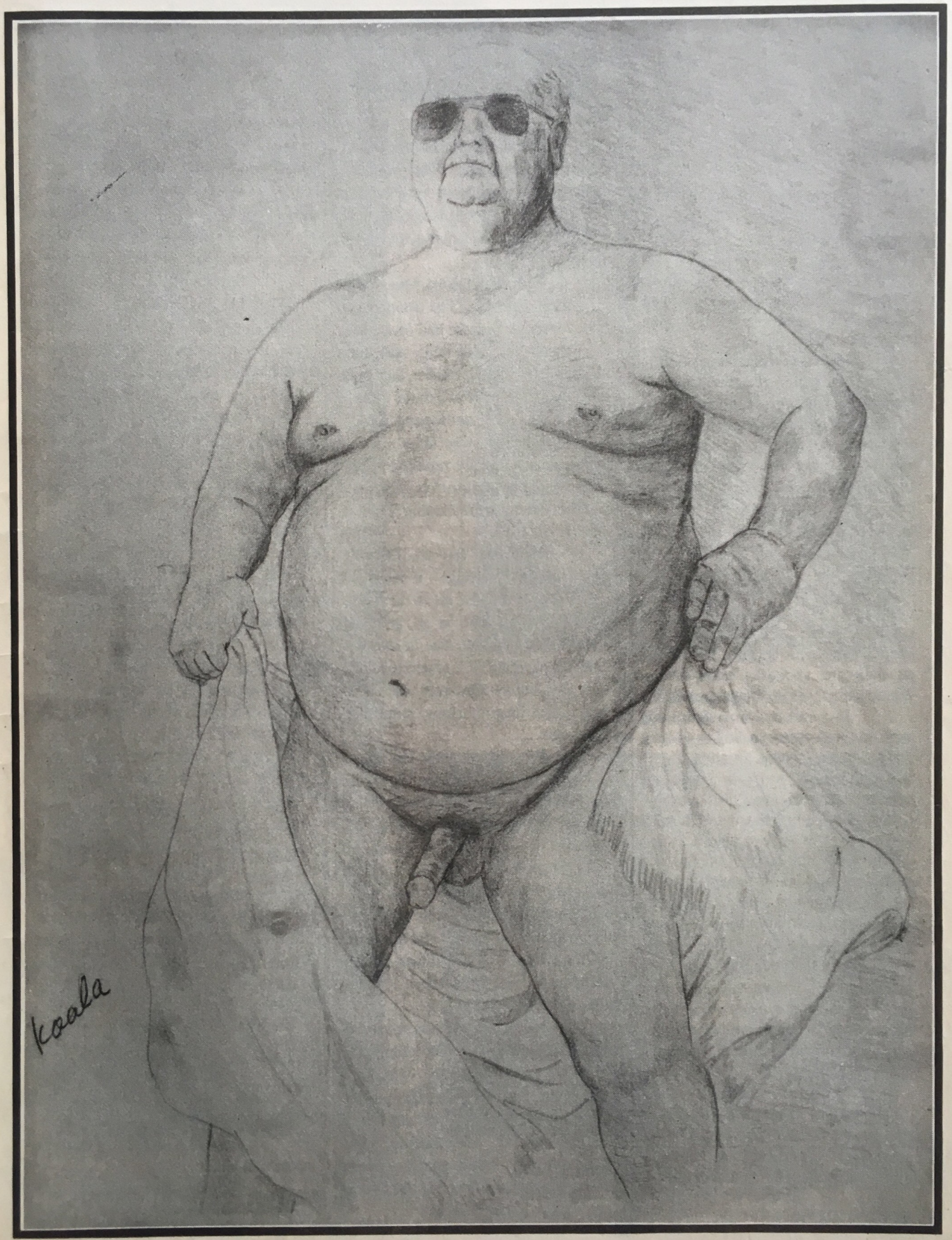
Well, except when it is a home. Who gets to live in the home while it is being sold? How much rent does the one living in the home pay to the other while final division is being readied? How long can he live in it without it being sold so division is possible? Can one buy out the other? If so, on what terms? Over what period of time?

And except when it's a going business—especially one whose earnings depend almost totally on dedicated manpower. When the two can't live together, can they work together comfortably? Can they continue to keep the business earning at a reasonable level? If only one runs the business, how is he compensated for his time and effort, above and apart from the partnership share?

And except when it is any other property that is not readily divisible or salable.

And except . . . oh, well, you get the idea. There are far too many exceptions to make reliance on just "the law" a good idea. It is far better to work these details out in advance.

What of the relationship where one earns all, or almost all, of the money, while the other makes the home, keeps things moving smoothly, but has contributed nothing (no cash value, that is) to the property accumulated? Is he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thrown out on the street with nothing? In a marriage, the homemaker-spouse is protected by law; not so in the non-marital relationship, without some specific agreement. Are his earnings yours, or your earnings his? Not usually, but an agreement can specify otherwise. A claim that such an agreement was entered into can be hard to disprove—especially when there is lots of written correspondence between the parties during their love-feast that has been safely stashed away (with all those protestations about undying love: "I'll take care of you forever," and the like).

Most lawyers advise wealthy clients, regardless of orientation, to have what amounts to a "premarital agreement" before entering into a relationship. Once there is a written agreement, it is difficult, though not impossible, to convince a court to believe oral protestations that different arrangements were agreed to orally. Written agreements are upheld by the courts in the vast majority of cases. Such an agreement can be changed as conditions change, and should be reviewed from time to time, but a written agreement between two people as they are about to enter into a relationship is a sound legal practice.

If you are now in a relationship with no fixed understanding as to what happens in the event of a split-up, I urge that you discuss with your partner the wisdom—for the best interests of both—of entering some formal written agreement as to his, mine and ours and what arrangements are to be made in the event of a break-up. Unfortunately, as the divorce rate involving first time marrieds nears 50% in many areas, the break-up rate among gay relationships, even those of long standing, apparently increases, too. If you really love your partner, you should want to assure that his needs and interests are protected, as well as your own. A written agreement can be invaluable.

Yours?... Mine?... Ours?... should then be less of a problem if a relationship comes to an end, and should assure that friendship can continue, even though the relationship doesn't.

***

REUBEN, REUBEN
Fiction by
Joseph Ben-David

Reuben dusted off the bench and sat himself down. The park was quiet and uncrowded that April Sunday morning. It was a good place to do some serious thinking; he had much to think about.

He took a folded paper from his pocket, opened it and smoothed it out. It was the note he had found that morning on the kitchen table. Although he knew it by heart, he read it, then read it again. It was brief and to the point.

Reuben, I am leaving you. I have found a man who loves me and wants me, and is not repelled by my woman's body. I sincerely hope that you find what you are looking for. Rachel.

That note left no lingering doubt that their marriage—if one could call it that—was over, down the toilet.

From where he sat, he could see the lake—the lake that he and Rachel had navigated in a rented rowboat, only days before they were wed. That was fifteen long, unhappy, unfulfilled years ago.

Why did he, at the late age of 37, a gay man (he didn't look it; he had the build of a football lineman), marry the woman? Rachel, poor thing, was hopelessly, helplessly in love with Reuben. She told him he wasn't gay; he had only to sleep with a woman--her--and he would be cured of his "sickness." He wanted very much for that to be true. She convinced him that it was, but her religion forbade fornication. So he, dummy, married her.

His "sickness" was not cured, but he became a father. The infant, little Florence, cried incessantly. One sleepless night, Reuben, in a rage, put the screaming kid on the floor and turned the crib over her. After that the couple agreed it best to sleep apart: separate beds in separate rooms. Reuben never returned to Rachel's bed.

At first, Rachel spent her days doing busy work: sewing outfits for her little darling, embroidering guest towels and tea cloths for the child's hope chest. After a time, she tired of domesticity and found employment with a department store, selling men's toiletries.

Reuben, too conservative—possibly too timid—to come out, drained his sexual energies by perusing muscle-man magazines and jerking off.

So, Rachel had found her salvation—he was happy for her—but where should he look for his? He would have to put together a new life. There was nothing to salvage from the old.

A vagrant breeze rippled the surface of the lake. The sun, now high, was warm. The sycamores, not yet in leaf, gave little shade. Reuben unfastened his bomber jacket and unbuttoned the top buttons of his shirt. He let out his belt a notch. Before his marriage, he had kept himself fit: swimming, hiking, weight-lifting. Since then he had let himself go. He was a bit thicker now around the middle.

First, he would lose a few pounds, get back into shape. Then, he would quit his job painting walls, rent a studio and get back to work painting pictures. He had been having a modest success as an artist. His paintings were starting to sell; his reviews were favorable, but his practical and very pregnant bride had other plans for him: a steady job that yielded a weekly paycheck.

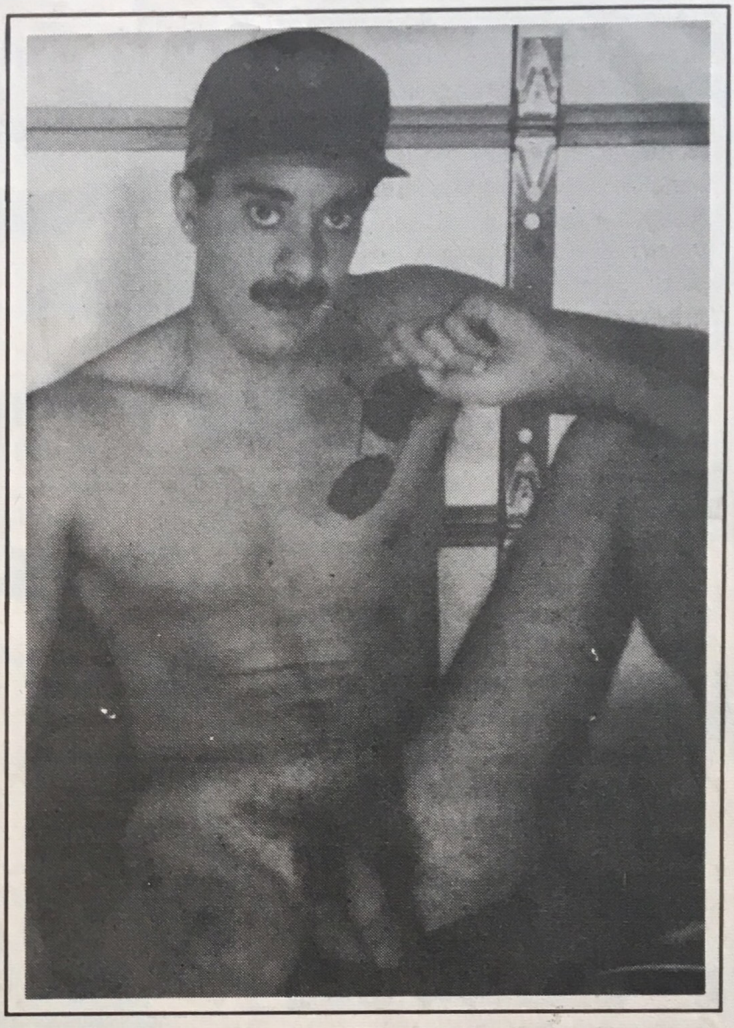
A little old man, one of the many homeless, shuffled to the bench next to Reuben's and sat down. He appeared shabby, yet wizened. From the brown paper shopping bag he carried, he produced a stale bread roll, his lunch.

Alert pigeons, anticipating a handout, flapped in from all directions. One of the feathered mendicants, flying over, dropped its doo—*plop, splat*—on Reuben's head, his jacket, his jeans.

"Fuckin' flyin' vermin!" cursed Reuben.

"Oh, my, that's terrible, just terrible," commiserated the little man;

PEDER . . . photo by SIMON BARR



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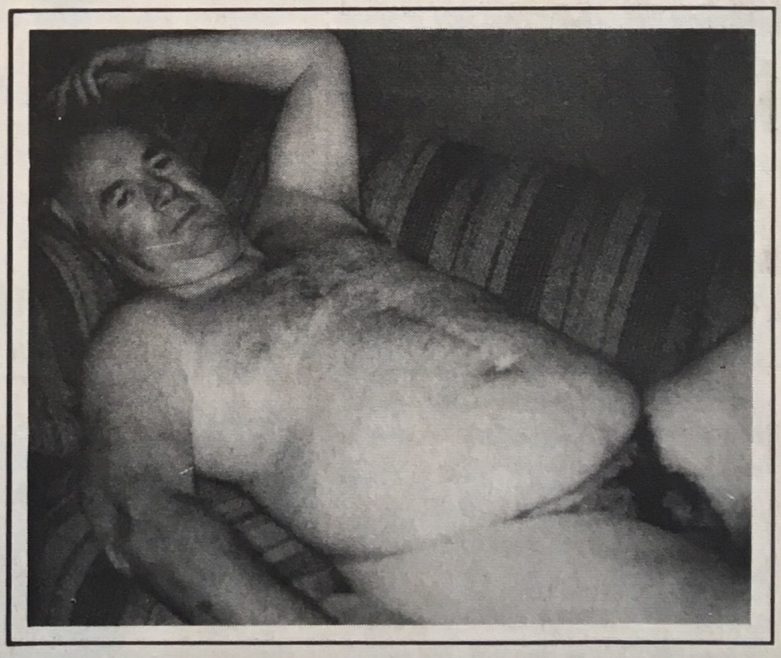

JAY . . . photo by JOHN WAYNE

JERYN-

he seemed genuinely concerned. "There's a crap house here, up this road about two hundred yards on the left. It's got a sink."

Reuben got to his feet, thanked the man, pressed a dollar bill into the his skeletal hand, and hurried off up the path.

"God bless you," called the little man after him. "Have a nice day!"

About 200 yards up the path, on the left, almost hidden by untrimmed Forsythia bushes grown rampant, was a stone hut. Roughly lettered in black paint over its doorway was the single word: MEN. The door was open, so he went in.

A stench of urine and chlorine disinfectant hung in the damp air. Near the entrance, under a cracked and spotted mirror, was a rust-stained sink, its faucet running unchecked. To the right, affixed to the flaking whitewashed wall of the main toilet area, was a sign, somehow threatening, certainly larger than necessary. It said: NO LOITERING!

Well, there *were* loiterers in that smelly place: two men, side-by-side at the urinals; a young guy with long yellow hair—too pretty to be a guy—leaning up against the wall, smoking pot; and a red-faced boozer sitting in a doorless booth, reading his *Wall Street Journal*.

The loiterers looked Reuben over.

"He's okay," said one of the guys at the urinal to the other.

How does he know? wondered Reuben.

With wads of wet toilet paper, he managed to remove the offending goo from his scalp, his jacket, his jeans. He examined his face, reflected in the mirror. No age lines yet; no laugh-lines, either. He ran his pocket comb through his close-cropped, iron-gray hair. I'm still damn good-looking, he thought to himself. He vaguely noticed the form of a man passing behind him, heading for the toilet area. The loiterers zipped up, flushed, hurried out.

"Pssst. Hey, you," said the newcomer.

Reuben turned to see, standing at a urinal, a pleasant-faced, beefy giant of a man in navy blue—a cop! From his unbuttoned fly hung what could only be described as a phenomenon. Reuben's eyes widened as he stared at the thing. Seemingly with a life of its own, the cock head rose and beckoned.

Powerless to resist, Reuben approached the man and gingerly grasped the amazing cock. He hefted it, felt its weight and heat, felt it throb.

The man grinned, showing gold teeth. "I can't let you have it now, fella. I'm running late. Be back here at five o'clock. You and I'll go over to my place."

Reuben looked at his name tag. It said: OFFICER KARPOLSKI.

***

Reuben picked a previously read newspaper from a trash bin. He bought a hot dog, a custard-filled donut and a container of coffee at a stand, then parked himself on a bench not too far from the men's toilet behind the Forsythia bushes. Five o'clock was two hours away.

He worked a crossword puzzle, but got nowhere. His powers of concentration had deserted him. One hour and fifty-five minutes remained until five.

The hot dog was tasty, but hardly a mouthful. He took a swallow of coffee.

His father had also been a big man; he also showed gold teeth when he smiled. Reuben loved him very much. He remembered when he was twelve. He and his father were showering together in a bath house out at the beach. Others were in the steamy room, laughing and gabbing and enjoying the fellowship of nakedness. The sight of those adult, male bodies with their lush growths of chest and pubic hair and their enormous cocks (at least to young Reuben), left him weak and trembling. His pop had innocently soaped him down, lathered his back and his front: everywhere and everything. "You gotta always keep your cock and your asshole clean, Ruby," his father said, giving him a smart smack on his rump. "Now, wash it off, boy." He washed off more than soap lather; he had ejaculated. It was his first.

Reuben took another swallow of coffee. He bit into the donut; the custard squirted over his hand. He licked off the delicious stuff but his hand remained sticky.

One hour and thirty minutes to go. Plenty of time to wash his hands, his face, comb his hair, he thought. He finished the coffee, dropping the cup, donut bag and newspaper into a nearby trash can; he walked to the men's toilet.

A song he had learned many years ago in public school came into his consciousness, unbidden. In a voice that would bring a moose if there were one in the park, he sang the words, as he remembered them:

"Rachel, Rachel, I've been thinking,
What a gay world this would be,
If all the women were transported,
Far beyond the Northern Sea."

Of course, Rachel-Rachel had something to say to Reuben-Reuben, but he couldn't remember what.

The door to the toilet appeared shut, but an eye peered through the crack, keeping watch. Reuben was recognized and allowed in. The lookout was the pretty, yellow-haired guy who was in the toilet earlier.

Reuben was not prepared for what was in progress. Officer Karpolski was standing in the center of the toilet area. His trousers and jockey shorts were down around his ankles, exposing his massive, hairy thighs and bulging calves. His rectum was being probed with his nightstick by one of the two guys Reuben had seen earlier at the urinals. The other guy was down on his knees in front of the cop, gripping him by the balls, gasping and gagging, trying to swallow that monster cock.

"We have a date, fella," a happy, grinning, sweaty Officer Karpolski shouted out to Reuben. "Remember . . . five o'clock." □

ROSE

an essay by KENN RICHIE

Rose Harding, my neighbor, looked perplexed as the protest march went by. It's her usual expression, worn between occasions of puzzlement, total confusion or quiet, tolerant calm. She's shrugged her shoulders so often, her neck has all but disappeared. She's the only person I know who constantly hums the title song of the old movie, "To Each His Own." It does seem a natural theme for a middle aged, heterosexual, divorced lady living in THIS area!

We'd both come out to see what the drum beating and chanting had concerned. It was protesting the sorry lack of AIDS patient care in our city. I wondered why the vocal activists sought to call attention on a street that has been painfully aware of that injustice for years. A march through a neighborhood of folks who tend to look the other way, or simply are not aware of the seriousness of the problem, I thought, might have had better effect. I wondered if there was a degree of fear among the marchers because they assumed they might be met by hostility anywhere but on safe, home ground.

Mrs. Harding shrugged her shoulders again. We both went back to our apartments.

I tried to imagine Rose Harding's thoughts about the passing parade. She's aware of the issue. She's a concerned, caring, decent citizen who will consider those needs the next time she goes to the polls, or the next time she's asked for a donation. She didn't need to be interrupted half way through the "Bill Cosby Show" to be told of it. (The men in the bar downstairs hadn't bothered to leave their beers to take a look.)

There's a darkened, elm tree shaded car port area with a dumpster between our apartments. Late at night, it's sometimes mistaken for a "private place" by two consenting adults, and I've often removed used condoms from the branches of the elm, no doubt hung as trophies. I wondered how many times Mrs. Harding may have been out earlier than I, and hummed "To Each His Own."

That saloon doesn't always allow a good night's sleep. The business itself has installed outside lights and a fence to discourage after hours romance in the carport; they've soundproofed against their stereo, and have otherwise been good neighbors. Not all of their customers are as considerate. A wee small hours bellow of, "You BITCH!! I want to fuck your ASS!" can be louder than one's alarm. I wonder if Mrs. Harding shrugs her shoulders in her bed as she turns and tries to go back to sleep.

I don't suppose she's ever been inside the place. It would seem as natural as borrowing a cup of sugar that a neighbor might drop in for a cold soda to go, a book of matches or some little convenience. Mrs. Harding would probably be stopped at the door by a red faced bartender who would prejudge her taste in art work and decor. But, then, she's sympathetic enough that she wouldn't embarrass him with such an encounter. She'll go elsewhere for a soda.

In this immediate neighborhood there must be twenty or more bars, taverns or restaurants. If ever Mrs. Harding wanted to go to such a place and not fear being accidentally groped in the darkness, she'd have to travel some two or three miles.

The local shops aren't overly convenient for her. If she needed a small gift item, she might be able to find something beside the cock rings and hand tooled leather toys. Browsing from one shop to another might be dangerous; she could be run down by one of the body builders from the gym, airing his bulges in tight sweat shorts with a jog around the block. She'd have a hard time finding *Ladies Home Companion* amid the stacks of *Honcho, Inches* and *Manscape*. The posters plastered everywhere for the Mr. Nude contest, or a new live J.O. show at the baths can be distracting.

Over the years, she's no doubt learned the language. I wonder if she ever accidentally drops a phrase at the office where she works, before other women who do not understand French or Greek. It's certainly all she hears in her own neighborhood. Even the supermarket clerks put a special edge to calling the price of anything marked sixty-nine cents before they command the shopper to "have a butch day."

Of course those protesters felt comfortable marching HERE. I couldn't help wondering, however, if they really would have been shouted at and told to go home, to get out of a presumably "straight" area. I rather doubt it. I suppose that most residents would have looked up from the "Cosby Show" and been made newly aware of the problem of AIDS patient care. Many would have been impressed by the concern of the marchers and started to think seriously about what they might do to help. A few, perhaps, might have flashed the thought of, "there goes the neighborhood," but they'd only remind themselves that people have a right to live anywhere they like, and there were, no doubt, several gay people on their street. The end of discrimination and prejudice will be the day when we all live side by side as good neighbors, won't it?

I once heard some talk that Mrs. Harding could be hounded and harassed, and probably driven out of that apartment where she's lived for near a quarter of a century. "She really doesn't belong here now; after all, she's not one of us." "That's true, and since this area got popular, it's hard for a gay couple to find a nice apartment like that."

The notion was halted when it was pointed out that Rose Harding has never complained or caused a problem. She doesn't run about flaunting her sexual preferences, or making a big display of the fact that she's straight. It was decided that she could stay.

" . . . a rose must remain with the sun and the rain, or its lovely promise won't come true . . ." □

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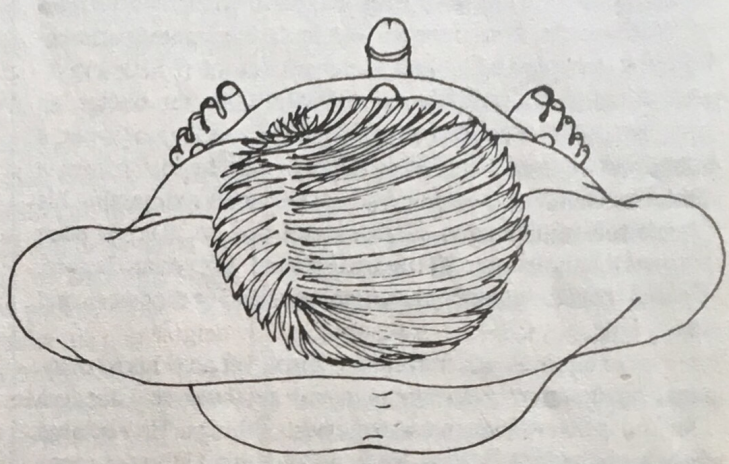

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RECOMPENSE FOR CLIFFORD PENDER

a novella by Patrick H. Colley

Continued from the previous issue. For those of you who missed part one, the following is a synopsis of chapters one through five:

It is the summer of 1968 and our central character, Clifford Pender, has been temporarily transferred from Chicago to New York, to which he finds difficulty adjusting. Away from his friends and unhappy with his job and living conditions, he drinks heavily. Unable to afford New York, he rents a third floor walk up apartment across the river in Weehawken, New Jersey. He finds the small apartment building occupied by a black merchant marine (LEE); a mysterious couple (LAVERN and DOMINICK); the owner, an eccentric, older Englishman (QUINCE); and Quince's pet, a large Mexican iguana. Within hours of moving in, Clifford is roughly seduced by Quince, who insists upon sodomizing his new tenant—something Clifford will not do, having been seriously injured during receptive anal sex years before. Cooled by their impasse, the two men settle for mediocre oral sex.

Happy to get out of New York, yet anxious to complete his temporary assignment and get back to Chicago, Clifford is determined to make the best of things. He visits his only acquaintance in New York, a Columbia University professor (TED), who is an expert on occult studies. While Ted is dressing for a party, Clifford thumbs through a section of rare books he has been forbidden to handle. At first the professor is angry, but finally explains that one of the books is a very dangerous work on conjuring a demon. Clifford is fascinated, yet skeptical.

The following day, Clifford meets Lee, the black merchant marine, who turns out to be very funny, sensuous and warm. After having wild sex the two men attend a dinner party in Clifford's honor at Quince's apartment downstairs. Clifford meets the married couple for the first time and is powerfully attracted to the burly Dominick, who is closely watched over by the equally charismatic Lavern.

Although Clifford purposely drinks less than normal, he suddenly finds himself very drunk and excuses himself after dinner. Passing out in bed, he experiences two very different dreams. One is pleasing and features a nebulous figure that brings him peace. He can characterize the other only as a frightening, very real nightmare: He is carried by hooded figures down a burning candle-lined stairway and into a basement, where he is sodomized as he screams out in terror. Awakening in his own bed with no evidence of blood or semen, he is convinced that it was only a dream and gets ready for work. On his way to work, he experiences severe pain in his rectum and later passes a clear, thick liquid. Although puzzled, he declines to pursue the mystery further.

The following afternoon, Clifford joins the black man and a white girl friend, watching as they make love. Later, Lee tells Clifford that Dominick is home alone in the apartment below, that he is probably excited by the sounds from above. He urges Clifford to knock on Dominick's door and brazenly seduce him while Lavern is shopping with Quince.

Hesitant yet hungry, Clifford takes Lee's advice and deftly seduces the powerful, horny man. Awed and infatuated, Clifford savors the experience, yet is shattered as Dominick reacts with revusion and guilt. Depressed, Clifford retreats for the isolation of his apartment and more alcohol.

Lee knocks on his door, but Cliffordignores him.

Later, Quince brings him home-made chicken soup, having been told by Lee that the new tenant wasn't feeling well. At first Clifford is suspicious of the soup, but finally eats it, criticizing himself for being paranoid.

Immediately feeling warm and light-headed, Clifford falls asleep and experiences another too-real nightmare about being sodomized. Then, just before awakening, he experiences an idyllic dream featuring the same nebulous form, which seems to be protecting him.

Awakening, he finds his apartment door opened wide and Quince's iguana on the foot of his bed. The huge lizard stares at him with flat, black eyes.

AND NOW FOR THE CONCLUSION...

6

Tuesday Night

Ted quickly answered the door, barely glancing at Clifford. "Hi, there!" He ran back to the kitchen. "I'm cooking veal and I don't want to fuck it up. Come on in and make yourself a drink."

Clifford closed the door and took off his coat and tie, throwing them over a chair near the door. Placing his briefcase near the chair, he followed Ted into the kitchen. He made a drink and leaned against the opposite counter from Ted.

Reaching a holding point, Ted turned off the flame and quickly turned, kissing Clifford on the cheek. Recognizing the seriousness of Clifford's expression, he backed away and held him at arm's length. "Uh oh." He grabbed his own drink and led Clifford into the living room. "I sort of thought you sounded a little strange on the phone."

They sat and Ted studied Clifford, who looked up at the forbidden books.

"I think I'm losing my sanity, Ted." He looked back at Ted. "I'm having the most bizarre dreams of my life. They're either dreams or hallucinations. I have reason to believe that Quince put something into my drink Sunday night." He leaned back into the overstuffed chair and sipped his drink.

Ted shook his head in disbelief. "What?"

"Last night, he brought me a bowl of what he saidwas chicken soup, and I had another dream."

"What was it like?"

"I dreamt that I was carried down into the basement of the building. They were burning black candles everywhere, and these cloaked figures placed me in a candle-lit circle—no, a rectangle. There was an altar and someone in a goat's mask and animal sacrifices... chanting..."

Ted glanced up at the books. "I should never have brought up the subject. God, are you susceptible!"

"Each night I had two dreams—one was just too real to be a dream; the other was like a very pleasant dream."

"How much are you drinking?"

Clifford banged his fist on the coffee table, causing Ted to jump. "Goddamnit, Ted, my ass hurts! Are you telling me that it's just psychosomatic?"

Ted stared at him, stunned by the unexpected outburst.

"When I shit, a glob of clear, lubricant-looking stuff comes out."

Ted became very quiet. "No blood?"

"No, it's definitely clear and there's no shit. It's like I had an enema. There's no pain during the dream . . . or hallucination, or what ever the fuck it is. The pain comes later and it subsides."

Ted took him much more seriously. "Start from the beginning. Tell me everything."

Clifford told him the whole story in detail. After he finished, Ted stared at him, as if trying to gauge the depth of Clifford's trouble. Finally, he moved to Clifford's side and placed an arm around him. "Move out, Cliff. You've got to get away from them. They're Satanists."

"You really think so?" Clifford felt a tingling sensation over his skin as the reality of it hit him.

Ted nodded. "Weehawken is notorious for those kinds of cults. There was a story the other day in the *Post* about a Satanic murder just eight blocks up the street from you. It was pretty gristly."

"What kind of drugs can have that effect on me?"

"There're drugs that can do everything you just told me. I know a professor who did research on cults—Satanist and otherwise— and we discussed it at length. First off, there are all *kinds* of cults and they do everything imaginable: drugged rape, murder, mutilation . . .*induced suicides.* I was amazed at how meticulous they are with victims. The extreme care with drugs—the *knowledge* of what drugs will do. He told me all about the bathing off of the oils and the local anesthesia in the rectum—the dilators, so that the sphincter wouldn't tear. The victim has no idea he's been raped and goes off with all those hallucinogenic drugs building up in his system." He looked worriedly at Clifford. "None of this is new. These people are legion and they're dangerous as hell." Ted squeezed his shoulder. "You'll leave tonight?"

"Where will I go?"

"Here with me. I'll take you to a doctor to see what kind of shit you have in your bloodstream. If they really screwed you, you might've been exposed to syphilis or hepatitis." He looked around the packed room. "It'll be crowded, but what the hell."

Clifford considered it.

"Well? We'll take a cab over right now . . .I'll go in with you."

"I paid a deposit."

Ted jumped up, incredulous. "You're concerned about a goddamn deposit?"

"I'll move out tomorrow, then. I . . . I don't want you involved.

Ted shook his head in disgust and went into his bedroom. "I have to take a leak."

Impulsively, Clifford stood and slid the ottoman toward the bookshelf housing the book titled, *SHARRU*. Grabbing it and quickly placing it inside his briefcase, he sat just as Ted came through the doorway.

Ted sat opposite him, pouting. "Well?"

"Okay, I'll leave tomorrow. Not tonight."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Ted gave him an untrusting look, then sighed. He shook it off. "So are you ready for the best goddamn veal you ever tasted?"

Clifford smiled. "Yeah. Suddenly, I have an appetite. Now that I know I'm not going crazy, I think I feel a lot better."

Ted allowed himself to smile too and went into the kitchen to finish making dinner.

Clifford glanced at his briefcase. He wondered what would happen when he got deeply into the book. For some reason, he wasn't afraid.

He wanted to get even.

***

He climbed aboard the last bus to Weehawken and reverently inspected the small book under a dim, overhead light. He whispered the title to himself: "*SHARRU . . . The Semidivine Daemon* . . . by Carl Thornbridge." His hands shaking with anticipation, he read hungrily.

Thornbridge, a British archaeologist and Akkadian scholar who died in 1960, first found allusion to Sharru in a small quantity of cuneiform text unearthed in 1919 near the ancient city of Kish in Iraq. The text referred to Sharru as "having seduced Enki, a Sumerian god, thereafter imploring him to alter his sex so that he could openly become Enki's concubine." Intrigued, Thornbridge traced Sharru back to the earlier Sumerian texts.

Born over 5,000 years ago to a human concubine of the great Sumerian god, Enlil, Sharru was only semidivine, destined to live several hundred years in relative obscurity. As a young man, however, he "had the seductive powers of a charming goddess and a penis so large that all men were intrigued." Rejected by his father because of his developing homosexuality, he managed to seduce his uncle, Enki, his father's brother and rival. Afterward, Sharru begged his uncle to transform him into a woman, promising that he would become the god's mistress. Enki refused his request (the author speculated that the god didn't want to destroy such a magnificent appendage) but offered an alternative. In return for Sharru's allegiance, Enki arranged for him to be granted a modified immortality—that of a spirit with the power to "possess" any living being at will, provided he was "called" to the aid of an incarnate in need.

Few references to *Sharru* were ever located in all the other Sumerian texts Thornbridge studied, and those he did find were obscure and mostly mutilated. He therefore moved forward from the early cuneiform, through late Babylonian and Assyrian texts, into Egyptian and Greek material. There

was no mention of Sharru, but there were references to a minor god with many of the same characteristics. Convinced that the minor god was actually Sharru, Thornbridge was able to compile enough data to complete an utterly spellbinding study of the only homosexual demon in recorded history.

Thornbridge included a few modern references, which held the demon in less than benevolent light. The last reference told of a successful contact that had been made in France in 1954. The "caller" had been institutionalized.

Clifford thought of the experience of Ted's friend, Jerry, and shuddered, wondering if he should continue on.

He did.

The next to the last chapter was devoted to instructions for calling Sharru and what to expect. At first Clifford was concerned that exotic ingredients would be necessary and he wondered how he would go about obtaining outrageous things like bird tongues or the blood of a pregnant woman or scorpion stingers. The instructions were not at all like that, however. There were exotic chants, but the object was to effectively meditate. One had to slip into a deep trance—the deeper the better.

According to the author, if the contact proved effective, Sharru would initiate a sign of some sort. Perhaps he would appear in human or animal form or make contact in dreams. Perhaps he wouldn't appear at all, telepathically leading the caller to tap into his own hidden strengths to gain his own justice. The author warned that, depending upon the strength of the evil confronting the caller, Sharru could appear in a most malevolent form. He went on to say that Sharru's recompense would far exceed the original offense against the caller and that the caller should follow his instincts and get out of "harms way."

The last chapter was short and emphatic: "This book should be used only by those innocent seekers who have been wrongfully violated and are rightfully due recompense. All wishes deserved will be granted. Those not of pure heart who harbor misdirected vengeance, unfounded hatred or internalized self-hatred are warned not to attempt contact. Frivolous or unjustified contact could result in grave consequences."

Clifford closed the book and waited for his stop.

He stood on the corner opposite the house, staring at it, unintimidated for the first time. Lights were on in Quince's living room, but the rest of the house was dark. At one window, the usually closed drapes weren't fully closed, so he brazenly walked to it. Since there was a tall shrub adjacent to the window, Clifford assumed that a passing policeman wouldn't easily spot him eavesdropping. He peered over the window ledge and saw Quince, sitting in a kitchen chair, addressing several people sitting about the living room. Clifford recognized Lee and Dianna, sitting on a couch together, then spotted Lavern and Dominick, sitting on the floor near Quince. A small, wiry man sat in a plush chair in the center of the room, staring at Quince with electric blue eyes. He was in his fifties, bald and had a pentagram painted on top of his head. He began to rail at Quince.

Clifford listened through the closed window, warily watching the street for police cars. The small man's voice was piercing and Clifford was able to comprehend what he was saying.

"... I mean, it's strictly up to your group, Quince, if you want to continue with ours. But just remember that there's safety in numbers." He looked fiercely around the room. "This isn't a goddamn game, people! You either want to do it right or not at all. Our allegiance is to Lucifer, and we're just not doing his will."

Quince said something, looking at Lavern and Dominick, but Clifford couldn't hear it. He stretched higher and placed his ear next to the window.

"We have to," said Dominick. "We're in."

"Lee? Dianna?" Quince asked.

Clifford turned to look at Dianna and Lee as they nodded in unison. They seemed to be high on drugs. He gazed at Lavern and Dominick, whose eyes were glassy. He placed his ear back against the glass.

"Who will it be then?" asked Quince. "Who will be our first?"

"Come now, Quince," chided the small man. "Who was he?" he asked to someone closer to the window.

A woman responded. "The fourth on the list."

The small man continued with Quince. "Prospect four. He has no family here. He drinks heavily. He's gay. They find gays murdered in New York every day, Quince."

"Then the new tenant it is," said Quince.

Clifford's hair stood on end and his skin seemed to undulate and chill. He turned in time to see Lavern and Dominick nodding their approval.

Quince turned to Dianna and Lee, apparently asking for their vote.

Dianna stared blankly at Quince.

Everyone in the room looked at the couple.

Lee slowly stood, almost losing his balance.

Clifford quickly placed his ear back against the glass.

"This has gone far enough," Lee boomed.

Shocked, Clifford turned to watch.

Lee walked to the small man and looked down at him with contempt. "It was fun once.... Now it's sick." He spread his huge fingers over the man's pentagrammed head like a basketball.

Clifford wondered if Lee were about to crush the man's head with one hand.

"Ain't gonna be no killin'," whispered the real, unaffected, masculine Lee, slowly scanning the room. He released the small man's head, leaving the red imprint of his hand. "You dig?" He glowered at Quince, quietly leaving the room.

Dianna hesitated, then quickly got up and nervously left behind Lee.

The group was silent for several seconds, then the small man got up and cleared his throat. "You have liabilities, it seems."

Quince nodded.

"I'm sorry," said the small man, heading for the door, followed by the rest of the group.

Clifford counted nine people in addition to the small man.

As the ten men and women filed past him, Quince looked up and said something.

The small man now stood at the front door, waiting for his entourage to pass by. He put a beret on his head and stared contemptuously at Quince. "I underestimate you?" He laughed heartily. "Then prove me wrong."

Quince jumped out of his chair in a rage. His face turned crimson. "I will," he growled. "With the help of Satan, I will."

The small man smirked and left.

As Clifford hid behind the shrub, the ten men and women got into three separate cars and drove off. As he was about to make his way toward the entrance to the building, Lee and Dianna rushed out and got into another car on a side street. With tires screeching, the car sped away.

Once again, he looked into Quince's apartment and saw that Quince, Lavern and Dominick were deeply involved in a conversation he would never be able to hear. He silently made his way into the building and up the stairway without being heard.

For over two hours, Clifford attempted the trance, chanting the call words over and over.

Nothing happened.

Making himself a strong drink, he tried the call words again; still, nothing happened. Doggedly, he searched through the book again, convinced that it would eventually provide an answer. Suddenly, he realized that his apartment lights would be visible from the street; he knew he had to get out of the apartment before they came for him. Holding the book dearly to his chest, he slipped out of the building and walked aimlessly, stopping in every neighborhood bar along the way for a drink.

7

Wednesday Morning

Clifford awakened next to a trash bin in an alley. He had no idea where he was. He sat for several minutes, wondering if he had any broken bones, grimacing as sunlight assaulted his sensitive eyes. He felt his face to see if he'd been beaten up. He wasn't. He couldn't remember what had happened after arriving at the third bar on his odyssey. Slowly he stood and made his way to the street, but still couldn't recognize where he was. He suddenly remembered the book and frantically looked around for it, crying out in relief as he found it near where he had awakened. He cradled it like it was a baby and took several breaths to calm his rapid heartbeat.

Grateful that he had survived the ordeal with only a monstrous headache, he walked before a store front and looked at his reflection in the glass. Not too bad, he thought, but I still look like a bum. He walked toward New York's skyline but came upon docks and the Hudson River, not the cliffs of the Palisades. He realized then that he was probably in Jersey City, across from lower Manhattan.

How did I get here?

He numbly walked on and came to an abandoned pier. He sat on a short concrete wall and tried to collect his thoughts. Tensing, he reached for his wallet and was relieved that it was still there. He looked inside and found that he still had over $85. His mind reeled as he tried to remember how to catch the PATH tubes to Manhattan from Jersey City. He would just have to keep walking or ask someone, he thought.

That's when he saw the dog. It was a male Rottweiler with a red collar and blue metal tags, sitting thirty feet away, staring at him, hassling from the hot morning sun. His eyes were tan and his body was strong and healthy. Clifford looked around to see if the dog's master were anywhere around. Seeing no one, he nodded at the dog. "Hi, boy. How are ya?"

The dog lay on the ground, staring at him.

"Are you lost? So am I. You have any idea where the nearest tube station is?"

The dog stretched on the ground and rolled over, finally sitting again. He seemed restless.

"Guess you never take the tube, huh?"

The dog walked away from the river and soon disappeared.

Clifford saw railroad tracks nearby and decided to follow them. Walking just two blocks, he heard a sound behind him and turned to see the dog, following him. "Oh, shit." He stopped and confronted the dog. "Now, look, fella. . . I can't take you with me, 'cause I'm in a little trouble right now, see and, well, you'd just be in the way."

The dog walked past him.

"Smart dog. He understands English."

The dog turned a corner a block away, glancing back at him with a strange expression.

Clifford stopped suddenly, a feeling of expectancy rising within him. "Sharru?" He started walking again, slowly, shaking his head. "Oh, great. Now I'm believing that Sharru is a goddamn dog."

Reaching the corner, he looked down the street and saw the dog sitting in front of a bar. The sign above read "Tony's." He walked to the bar entrance and looked through the open door. Inside, a thin black bartender stood talking to an older customer. A masculine young woman played pool by herself. Clifford looked around the street for the dog, but it had disappeared.

Gazing across the street, he saw a three-story "flophouse" hotel. He shrugged and decided to get a room so that he could clean up.

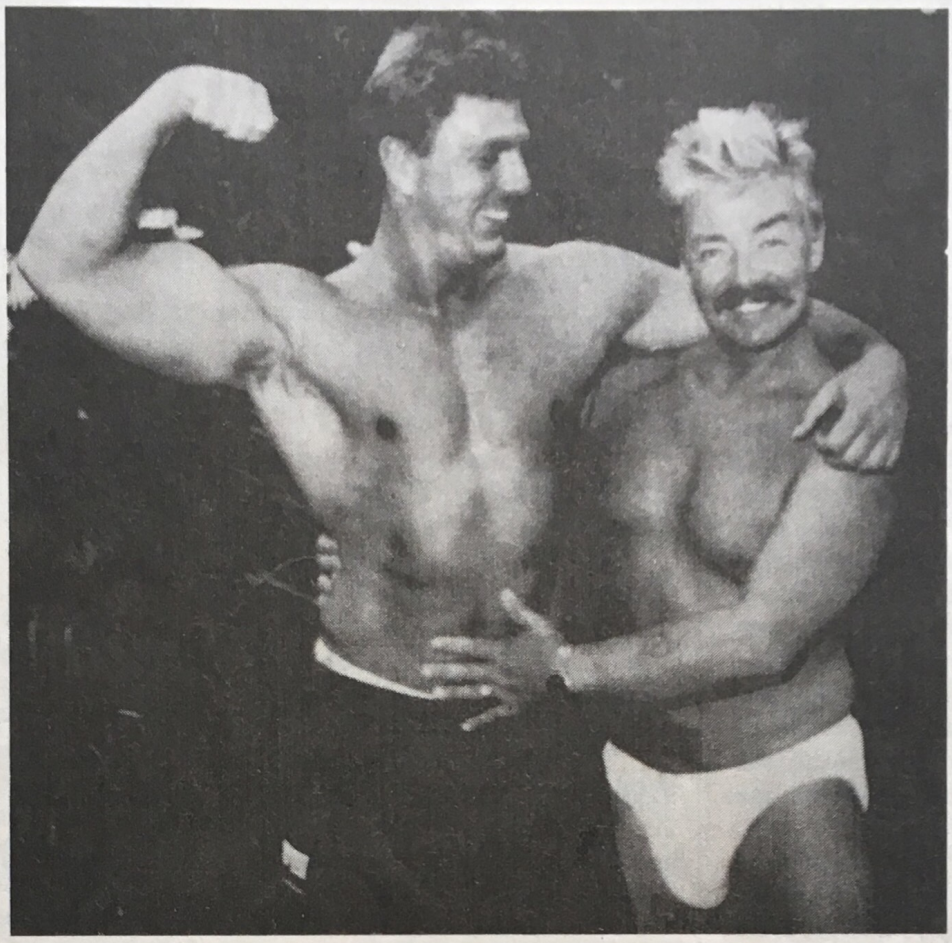
The room was cleaner than he had expected; the shower was hot. He washed out his underwear and shirt, hanging them next to the window to dry. Peering out the window, he looked for the dog, but couldn't find him. Exhausted, he finally lay down and took a nap.

Drifting remnants of hallucinogenic drugs combined to raid his brain. . .

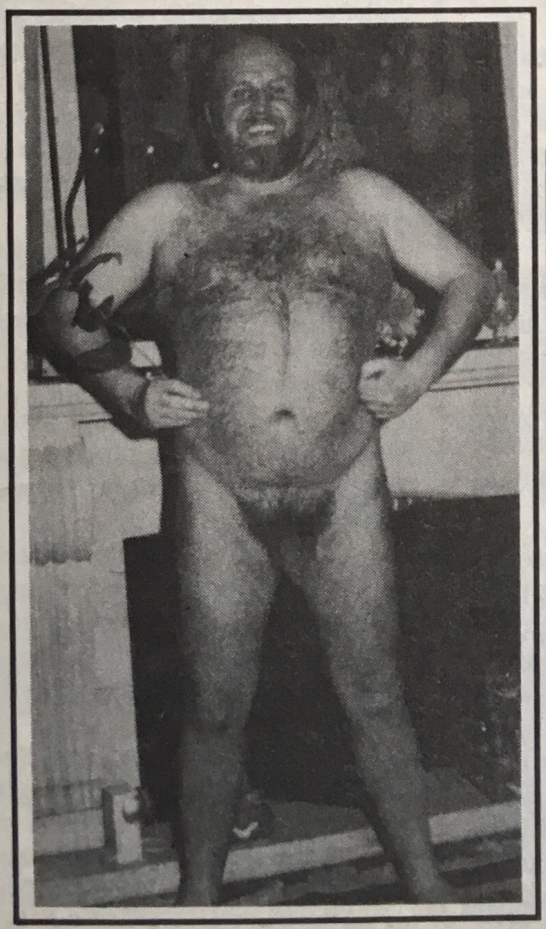
He was tied at the wrists and ankles to the high main branches of two sleek eucalyptus trees. The sky was a vivid red; a hot wind swirled about his nude body, causing him to sway lazily. He felt at peace.

A herd of albino giraffes ran by him in slow motion, terror etched in their eyes. White bats whisked by his face, flashing sharp, red teeth. White

CORNELIUS



THE BOYS FROM BELGIUM

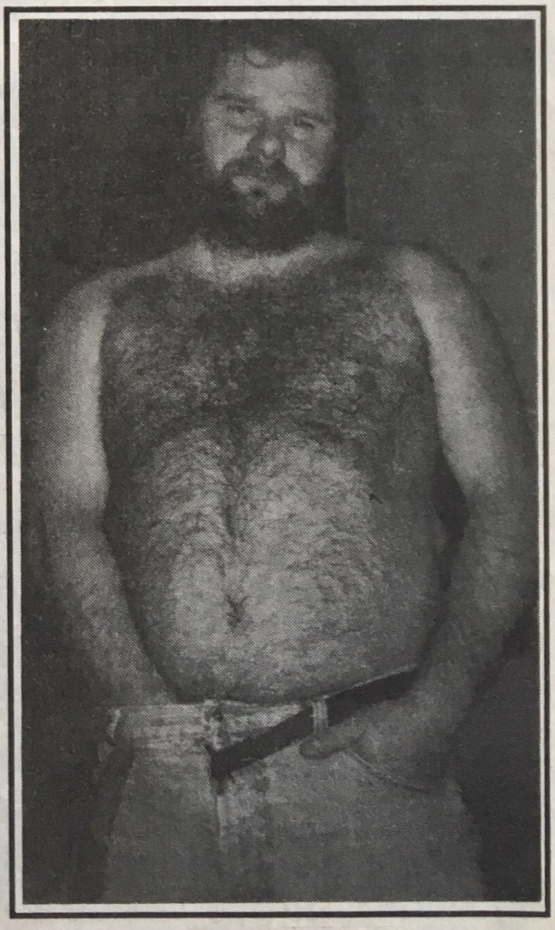


PHOTOS BY S.3

TOP: MUSCLED DANNY & FRANKIE BEARMANIAC

LEFT: HE-BIG-MAN

RIGHT: LONG LASTING STEVEN



wildebeest and gazelles stampeded by, followed by white water buffalo.

Then there was a short period of silence, followed by a barely perceptible, shrill snarling in the distance. It got louder and louder, until the sound became deafening. Then he saw them.

A troop of giant, white baboons with blood red faces congregated at his feet, looking up at him hungrily. Baring long, metallic eyeteeth, they began to climb the trees.

Clifford awakened, unable to move. A scream was frozen in his throat. Slowly, he regained movement; the scream became a moan. He jumped out of bed and looked out at the sky. It was blue, but it looked different . . . faded, as if an eclipse of the sun were imminent. *He* felt different. He felt as if he weren't quite sane. Longing for a drink, he sat in a chair by the window, looking down at the bar. As exhaustion overcame his craving, he fell asleep in the chair.

At five-thirty in the afternoon, he heard the roar of a motorcycle, followed by the barking of a dog. He bolted out of the chair, forgetting where he was. He squinted out the window and saw a big Harley-Davidson motorcycle parked in front of the bar. The dog sat on the curb, looking up at him.

A sign?

He felt his hands tremble and stared at them. A clamminess drifted over his body. He looked up at the sky and found it still faded. A powerful anxiety squeezed at his chest, and suddenly he realized that he was slipping into the nightmare of delirium tremens. Frantic for a drink, he quickly dressed, rushing across the street. He looked around for the dog, but it had disappeared again.

This time, the bar was almost full. Unable to focus his eyes because of the bright sunshine outside, Clifford sat on a barstool near the entrance and ordered a Scotch. He sat, sipping the rank, watered-down Scotch, holding the glass with two shaking hands. As his eyes adjusted to the darkened bar, he searched each face, but none offered a clue. He began to feel foolish and realized that the dog was just a coincidence. Then he noticed that there was a full beer bottle at the far end of the bar, indicating that someone was probably in the restroom.

A fleeting, incongruous feeling of joy surged within him.

. . . joy . . . a sign . . . no . . . insanity . . . oh God that's funny . . . joy . . . as my body feeds on itself . . . but what if it is *a sign and Sharru's here . . . here in this bar right now . . . oh shit . . . no . . . I'm going fucking nuts . . . oh my body hurts . . . it hurts to breathe . . .*

He glanced outside and saw that the dog was now across the street, sitting in front of the hotel.

. . . a sign . . . no dog looks at you that way . . . he sees right through me . . . he's smiling because he got me here . . . no . . . dogs don't smile, idiot . . . you got the DTs Cliffy . . . you need a doctor before your liver explodes . . .

He stared at the dog, which suddenly expanded into a giant, snarling, white baboon. He quickly turned away, rubbing his eyes with a shaking, clammy hand.

. . . no no no no no no . . . NO NO NO . . . it's just the DTs . . . just the DTs.

Slowly he looked back and saw nothing but an empty street.

. . . just the DTs . . .

Again he felt expectant; he sensed danger, sensuality, an aching lover's heart. An undercurrent of anxiety, serenity, grief and joy provided him a kaleidoscope of emotions. The term "sweet insanity" surfaced in his mind and he felt the urge to laugh.

A swell of madness reached for him; he began to squirm. He studied the faces of all the customers and thought he could see . . .

. . . there . . . a flash of yellow iris . . .

"Ride it out, Cliff," he whispered. "Ride it out."

Something moved in the rear of the darkened bar. He squinted to see the cartoon-like outline of a huge, horrible monster in the form of a vaguely formed black baboon, over eight feet tall. It stared at him with bright orange eyes. The monster reminded him of the one in the movie "Forbidden Planet."

As suddenly as it had come, the vision left. He felt a release of pressure, as if the cycle of hallucinations had ended. He looked down the bar and saw nothing but pitiful looking people, drinking their lives away.

Like me?

A bathroom door shut loudly; several of the bar patrons glanced in that direction as heavy footfalls came. Clifford's pulse began to quicken as a big man emerged from the darkness and sat before his beer. He looked like an aging pro-football player, at least six-feet-six, no less than 300 pounds. His head was shaved; leather arm bands adorned his massive biceps. He wore sunglasses and a small gold earring in his left ear. "PLUTO" was written across his black T-shirt in big, gold letters.

Clifford attempted to sort out exactly what was happening to him. On the one hand, his body was being ravaged by the effects of alcohol and the drugs that Quince had given him—probably LSD or mescaline or worse. On the other hand, he was now convinced that he had indeed contacted Sharru. He wondered how he could tell the difference between his recurring hallucinations and Sharru's signals. He was terrified.

For over an hour, he watched the biker consume five more beers as he drank three more drinks of his own. Soon, all the customers had cleared out with the exception of two young men playing pool. He knew then what he had to do, even if it meant getting a busted jaw—or worse.

Clifford went into the men's room and urinated, then walked back by the big man, pausing to lean against the bar next to him. "How's it goin'?" Clifford asked inanely.

The big man looked straight ahead; the two men playing pool stopped, staring at Clifford as if he were out of his mind.

"I'm Clifford Pender and, man, am I in trouble." He began to tremble again—this time out of fear.

The big man turned and looked at him through the dark glasses, finally turning away.

Embarrassed and frustrated, Clifford went back to his drink. The pool players continued their game and the bartender stared at Clifford, shaking his head. The big man slowly got off his

bar stool and went back to the men's room as both Clifford and the bartender watched.

When he was out of sight, the bartender walked to Clifford. "Hey, man, that guy ain't no one to fuck with, you dig? If I was you, man, I'd back off."

"Who is he?" asked Clifford softly, glancing at the pool players, who were staring at him again.

"He's been in here three days in a row now. Just sits in that corner and drinks, man. He just drinks and don't say shit to nobody." The bartender got closer for emphasis. "And nobody's said boo to him either. Nobody's stupid enough, 'cept you." He shook his head derisively and walked away. "You're a crazy motherfucker, man. Keep it up and you're gonna get yourself in a heap of shit." He walked to the center of the bar and winked at the two pool players, who chuckled.

The big man returned to his beer and sat, staring at it. Slowly, he looked toward the entrance, then glanced at the pool players, who tensed and halted their play. Abruptly, he downed his beer and walked toward Clifford. As he walked by, Clifford turned and said, "Sharru?"

"Jesus," moaned the bartender.

One pool player nodded at the other and both inched closer to watch.

The biker stopped and looked at Clifford, his lips forming a slight smile. He nodded toward the bike and walked out. Excited, Clifford walked out behind him and watched the big man sit on his bike.

The man looked away from him. "What do you want, man?" he growled with a raspiness which reminded Clifford of Aldo Ray's voice.

"It's . . .It's a long and crazy story." Clifford's voice cracked and tears welled in his eyes. "I really don't think I'm crazy, but I will be if I don't get some help soon." He inched around into the man's view. "Are you Sharru?" Clifford thought he could see another small smile forming.

The man said nothing.

Clifford nodded to the hotel across the street. "I have a room there. Just come up with me and let me explain."

The man smiled. "You got some vodka?"

Clifford frantically looked around for a liquor store. "I'll get you whatever you want. I got some money. You hungry?"

The big man nodded for him to get on the back of the bike, and he started it with one thrust of his powerful leg. As Clifford held on to his ample waist, the biker roared off for the nearest liquor store.

The ride to the liquor store and a fast food place was harrowing. It was the first time in Clifford's life that he'd actually urinated in his pants. The big man said nothing. Inside the liquor store, he merely pointed to a pint of vodka and Clifford bought it, along with a fifth of Scotch for himself. At the fast food store, he pointed at a large barrel of chicken—extra crispy—on the menu. The food and drink pressed between them, Clifford held on even tighter as the biker recklessly drove back to the hotel.

They ate in silence, the biker staring out the window, Clifford looking in awe at the biker. Eating only two pieces of chicken, the biker belched loudly, then curled up in bed.

Clifford allowed the big man to sleep, silently picking up the chicken barrel, napkins, plastic cups and empty vodka bottle. He sat staring at the man, wondering what the dark sunglasses hid. He considered taking off the glasses, but thought better of it. He wondered how he could coax the big man to take a bath. God, you smell like a goat, thought Clifford. He glanced at the half empty Scotch bottle and, for the first time, came to the realization that he was an alcoholic, just like his father. . . .

It was a routine Saturday night. Little Cliffy sat in the back seat of the 1934 Ford, wrapped in a blanket from the West Texas cold outside. Inside the "beer joint" nightclub, his father and mother were drinking and dancing. Cliffy listened as one country tune after another blared out, accompanied by laughter and shouting. He wondered when the first fight would break out.

Around midnight, his parents staggered out of the nightclub. They were arguing about another woman and his father slapped his mother to the ground. Tears flowed from his eyes as he realized that his father would now go on a rampage like all the other times. His parents—so drunk they could barely walk— got inside the car. His mother was crying and holding a handkerchief to her left cheek. His father stared menacingly at her, then back at him.

"What are you looking at?!" yelled his father, slapping him in the face, knocking him to the floor board.

He didn't cry, because he knew it would only make things worse. He merely stared at his helpless mother, loving her, yet hating her for her unwillingness to fight back.

The following morning back in Hobbs, New Mexico, there were the usual apologies, but Cliffy knew that it would go on and on. At such a tender age, he vowed that he would never become a drunk like his father. He also vowed that when he got old and strong enough, he would punish his father severely for all the beatings.

The summer before Clifford went off to the Navy, his father got drunk for the final time. Returning home after a 24-hour weekend drinking bout with his buddies, his father began slapping his mother because there was nothing in the house to eat. Clifford became enraged, pummelling his father, breaking the man's jaw and almost killing him. His mother told the emergency room doctor that her husband had fallen off the back porch.

His father never drank another drop of alcohol again. . . .

The big man stirred and slowly took off his sunglasses, squinting at the bare, overhead light. He looked at Clifford with bloodshot, light-green eyes, then closed them, moaning.

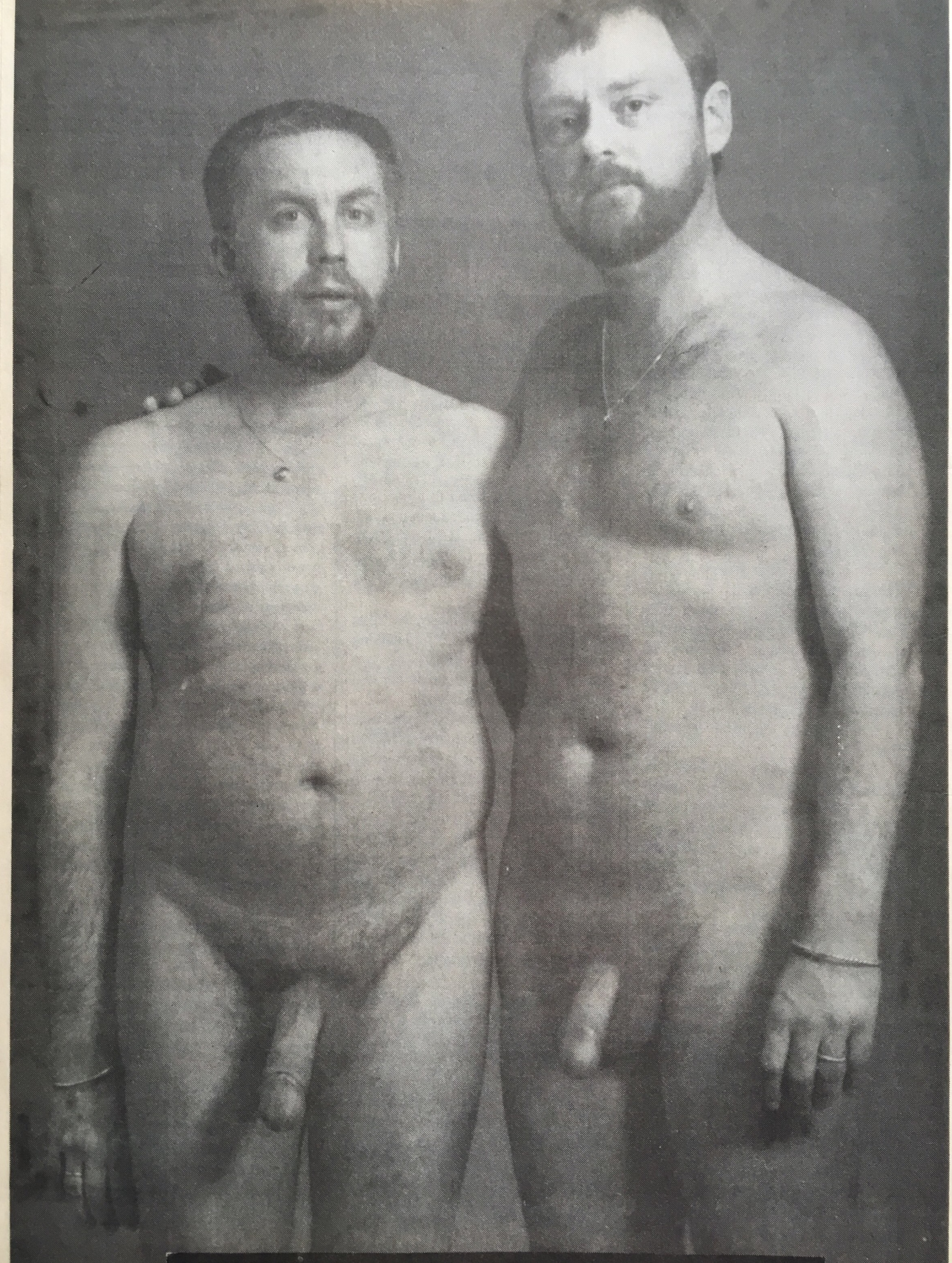
"All we have left is Scotch," said Clifford. "Can you drink that, Sharru?"

The man nodded. "Pluto."

"Huh?"

He opened his eyes again and smiled. My name is "Pluto." He pointed at the name across his chest.

Clifford poured two glasses of Scotch, taking one to Pluto. I must have



SWEDISH TAURUS AND AQUARIUS . . . photo by HANS A.

called the wrong one, thought Clifford, almost laughing. He watched as Pluto gulped at his drink and did likewise. "You feel like taking a little drive?"

Pluto sat up and coughed, finally taking the second half of his Scotch glass. "Sure."

Roaring north toward Weehawken, the sheer transcendence of riding behind a demon made him swell with the feeling of power and laugh at the madness of it. The night was cooler than normal, and the usual smell from the Secaucus garbage dumps wasn't evident. A blur of lights made him giddy; he closed his eyes, allowing yet another form of hallucination to come forth. For the first time since meeting him, Clifford allowed himself the fantasy of having sex with Sharru—or Pluto, or whoever he was. He wondered what a demon's semen tasted like and thought that perhaps Ted's book would shed light on that subject. He became aware of the book inside his belt and explored the possibility of reading it on the motorcycle, finally laughing at the idea.

Clifford handed the near-empty bottle of Scotch to Pluto, who took a swallow, handing it back. Clifford looked at the level and finished it off, throwing the bottle over his shoulder and into the windshield of a parked car. A group of black teenagers screamed at them, prompting Pluto to move faster.

Clifford closed his eyes and fantasized taking a long, erotic shower with the biker. But something else surfaced in his mind. The image of Quince's face appeared, sweat pouring from it in rivulets, moans coming from within his throat. He could somehow see Quince's cock violently separating the cheeks of his anesthetized ass, pounding into him repeatedly. And then it occurred to him how he could avenge his violation. He smiled and lovingly held onto his demon as he considered his just recompense. He would request that Paniskos be stuffed into Quince's colon, where it would frantically claw its way back out.

When he opened his eyes again, they were parked in front of a liquor store in Weehawken—the same one Lee had pointed out to him. Pluto turned and looked at him, nodding toward the store. Clifford staggered into the store and bought a pint each of vodka and Scotch. Giving a bottle to Pluto, he opened the Scotch and took a drink, placing the bottle inside his belt, already crowded with the book.

Clifford pointed toward Boulevard East. "Just around that corner."

Pluto nodded and drove on. As they rounded the corner, they were assaulted with an array of lights from police cars, ambulances and a fire rescue truck. Clifford saw that something had happened in the house where Dianna lived. Scanning the crowd on the sidewalk, he saw Quince, Lavern and Dominick standing under Quince's living room window, looking up at Dianna's attic window.

Clifford pointed to a parking spot further up; Pluto pulled into it, turning off the engine. Clifford, suddenly more sober, rushed back to the fringe of the crowd, careful not to be seen by Quince and the others. He watched as a smiling Quince gestured to Lavern and Dominick to follow him into his apartment.

Clifford approached a young, uniformed policeman. "What happened?"

The cop recoiled from Clifford's breath. "Looks like a murder/suicide... white woman and some black guy."

Clifford looked up at the attic window. Flashes of light from some coroner technician's flashbulbs shot from the window. He could see silhouettes of several people, walking around the apartment.

Slowly, Pluto joined him next to the cop.

"They killed Lee and Dianna," said Clifford, numbly.

Pluto followed his stare to the window.

The cop watched him carefully. "*Who* killed them?"

"Them," said Clifford, pointing at Quince's apartment. "You motherfucker," he whispered.

The cop inched away.

"They're *Satanists*," said Clifford to the cop. "It's a cult, and they killed them because they refused to kill me." His voice began to rise.

"Hey, pal," soothed the cop. "Why don't you go home and sleep it off, huh?"

"Who can I talk to? I want to talk to your superior." Clifford became indignant. "I want to talk to the officer in charge."

Several bystanders turned to see what the commotion was all about.

Pluto grabbed his arm and pulled him away.

Clifford turned and glared at him. "Well? Why aren't you doing something about it?"

Pluto pulled Clifford back to the bike.

"But they're getting by with *murder*, Pluto!"

Pluto got on the bike and started it, nodding for Clifford to get on.

Clifford backed away. "If you'd come when I called you, Lee wouldn't have been killed," he sobbed.

Pluto got off the bike and shook him hard. "Hey, *you*, listen up! I ain't no fuckin' demon, man! You're hallucinating and you need to be in a goddamn hospital!"

Clifford stared at him. "You're not Sharru?"

"*Fuck no!* I'm just old Pluto and I'm probably just as screwed up as you are."

"Then . . ." Clifford's mind reeled. "...why did you lead me on?"

"Who the fuck knows?!" boomed Pluto. "Maybe I was looking for a goddamn blow job!"

"Blow job?" Clifford crumbled to a sitting position.

Pluto squatted next to him. "You need to dry out, man. Ain't no other way out."

For the first time, Clifford saw an element of humanity in the big man. It was obvious that Pluto really cared about him. He struggled to get up, accepting Pluto's hand. Slowly he got back on the motorcycle.

"You got three hundred bucks?" asked Pluto.

Clifford shook his head, trying to think. "In the bank. Not on me."

"You need it now," Pluto insisted.

"What for?"

"You need it to get into this alcoholic hospital I know in Manhattan. Three hundred bucks up front and they dry you out in ten days."

Clifford looked helplessly toward Manhattan. He thought of Ted. "Ted," he said, softly. "Up on the west side."

***

Ted turned pale and almost fainted at the sight and smell of Clifford and Pluto.

"Ted . . ." Clifford began to shake. "I need your help." He handed Ted the book.

Ted slowly looked up at Pluto and gasped. "Oh, my God."

8

As the hallucinogenic drugs held on stubbornly, the baboons terrorized Clifford three more times. Then there were the alcohol-induced hallucinations, which featured smaller monsters more often. He would sit for hours, studying the images before him, guessing at which were real.

After five days, things began to improve, thanks to the tranquilizers and therapy. His doctor told him that the hallucinogenic drugs had probably played themselves out, but warned that there might be a relapse. He explained to Clifford that, in some cases, hallucinogenics were like viruses; they would hide somewhere in the body and resurface at the worst possible time. Regarding liquor, the doctor warned him that his liver was in poor shape and required abstinence from alcohol.

The sixth night, he cried himself to sleep, wondering if he'd ever see Pluto again.

***

Clifford sat in the television room, watching a game show. He was fully dressed in street clothes, having turned in his hospital pajamas. He was finally allowed a telephone call and had called Ted to come for him.

A tall, male nurse walked up to him and patted his shoulder. "How' re you feeling today?"

Clifford smiled. "Great, Terry. I get out today."

"Yeah, I know." He looked concerned. "Where will you go?"

"Oh, I don't know." He shrugged. "I just found out from Ted that I lost my job. Maybe I'll go back to New Mexico—start all over." He smiled. "My father's a recovered alcoholic. Maybe we can mend some fences."

"Good luck, Cliff," said Terry. "I'll miss you. We all will."

Clifford watched as Terry walked away. Drying out had been the most incredible experience of his life. It was as if he had just taken over a completely different body. He'd been given a reprieve. With the renewed body came a resolve so powerful that he was sure that no liquor would ever cross his lips again. The preciousness of life, the fleetness of time—all of it made sense now. He was convinced that, if he took good care of himself, perhaps he could live to a ripe old age. If he were lucky, perhaps he could do something of consequence in a world filled with shattered dreams and unfulfilled potential. He thought of all his friends in Chicago and how many would be drinking after they reached 40. He wondered how many would *live* to be 50.

How blind I was, he thought. My best teacher was my father.

"Clifford Pender, please report to the reception area," a woman's voice spoke over an intercom system.

Glad to be leaving, yet intimidated by an unsure path, he hurried to the reception area to greet Ted.

***

Although Ted was pleased with Clifford's progress and happy to see him, he appeared nervous as they entered Ted's apartment. Clifford wondered if Ted were afraid that he would stay and become a financial drain. He laid any such fear to rest by informing Ted that he would be moving back to New Mexico with his family.

"What about Chicago?" asked Ted, trying to mask his relief.

"They wouldn't accept me now." He chuckled. "You know, it just occurred to me a couple of days ago. I was the *buffo* of the group. I was daring and always had some tale of seduction to tell. So many incredibly funny jokes were told at my expense. I held my liquor the best of all the people I knew, and I drank the most." Clifford watched as Ted glanced at the liquor bottles just inside the kitchen. "Aren't you going to have a drink?"

"Sure it won't bother you?"

"No, I've seen the light, I think." He looked up at the forbidden book section and saw that both special books were missing. "Besides, it's your apartment. I can't allow you to alter your life because of me."

"I can do without for a few days." Ted assured him.

"Don't. Please . . ." He gestured toward the kitchen. "Drink!"

Ted reluctantly went to make himself a drink.

"Tomorrow morning, I'll go to the bank and get the money to pay you back."

"No hurry," said Ted, entering the living room and sitting adjacent to Clifford.

"I'm *leaving* tomorrow, Ted. I'm closing my account."

Ted looked surprised, relieved. "Just want to get out of New York, huh?"

Clifford looked down. "Yeah." He laughed. "You know, I met this short, stocky, Jewish guy in the Menemsha Bar when I first got here. You know what he said? He said that I was too innocent for New York. He said, 'New York will make raw hamburger out of you, Cliff.' That's what he said. I guess he was right, huh?"

"Oh, I don't know," offered Ted. "As far as I'm concerned, you won quite a big battle."

Clifford considered this and smiled. He rose and knelt in front of Ted, hugging him tightly. "I'll never forget what you did for me. I won't lose touch."

Tears welled in Ted's eyes.

Wanting to avoid anything maudlin, Clifford quickly got up and walked to the book shelf. "What did you do with the books?"

Ted's expression darkened. "I sold them to an occult book shop. I wanted to burn them, but I figured that they were too valuable. Now I'm sorry because they'll end up hurting someone

else."

"Ted," laughed Clifford. "It's bullshit! Those books just don't work. You saw Pluto. He's a biker, not a demon."

Ted sipped his drink self-consciously. "What led you to Pluto?"

Clifford smiled. "I was drunk and drugged, Ted, and I ended up in Jersey City."

"*After* you did the calls."

"Ted, I was out of my fucking mind. Hell, I could have ended up in Ft. Lee to the north the way I was drinking."

"Something unusual *must* have happened, Cliff"

Clifford pondered the question. "There was a dog." He thought of the Rottweiler and how it had led him to the bar, but quickly dismissed the thought. "There were all these hallucinations about baboons and white bats with red teeth . . . Dig it, Ted: the calls didn't bring justice, and I didn't go nuts . . . completely, that is." He thought of Lee, became acutely depressed. "Your benevolent . . . *demon* . . . couldn't even protect Lee and Dianna, let alone *me*," he said, bitterly.

"How well did you know the black man?"

"Not well." He shook his head sadly. "I just liked him a lot. But most of all, he got killed because he refused to go along with having me killed." He felt hot pangs of desire for revenge. "I owe him."

Ted shook his head briskly. "What does that mean? Surely you're not going back."

"Ted, I have to go for my things. I have a good camera, some expensive clothes—personal effects that mean something to me. My *checkbook* is there for crissakes."

"If I couldn't get a cop to go with me, I sure as hell wouldn't go inside."

"The fucking police! I've called the Weehawken police at least eleven times and they think I'm nuts. The coroner says it's a simple murder/suicide and that's the way it'll stay." He sat and tried to appear calm and reasonable. "After all the fuss I've caused, do you think Quince would try anything with me? He's home free, regardless of me. He probably thinks I'm dead."

Both men fell silent. Ted nervously sipped his drink while Clifford scanned the titles on the scores of books.

Clifford glanced at Ted, wondering if he were holding something back. "There's something else, isn't there?"

Ted's lips tightened as he nodded.

"Pluto?"

"He called this morning before I went to pick you up."

Clifford quickly stood, elated yet angry. "Why didn't you tell me?"

Ted was silent and sullen.

"Ted? What did he say? Did he leave a number?" He looked wildly at his friend, unable to fathom his silence.

"He didn't give a number. He said he'll meet you downstairs at five this afternoon. He must have written down my number when he brought you here." Ted stared at his telephone.

Clifford looked at his watch, which read four-forty-five.

"It's *him*, Cliff," warned Ted. "I just feel that it's *him*."

Clifford backed away, ran for the door. "I'll mail you a check." He rushed out of the apartment, slamming the door behind him.

Running out of the building entrance, he skidded to a stop at the curb, frightening the staid doorman. He looked up and down the street, but there were no motorcycles in sight. He heard a whistle and looked to his right, toward a parked panel truck. He saw a big man with sunglasses, peeking around the back of the truck.

Clifford ran past the truck and saw Pluto sitting on his Harley, dressed in black leather, including cap, vest and trousers. Partially bare chested, his matt of salt and pepper hair glistened in the afternoon sunlight. His head had not been shaven recently and Clifford could tell that the hair on his head matched his chest. He was freshly showered and smelled of spice cologne.

"How did it go?" The sound of his soft, raspy voice thrilled Clifford.

"Good," Clifford said, his voice almost cracking. "I was hoping for this."

"What?"

"You . . . coming back."

"Hop on," Pluto said, grinning. "We got a few things to talk about."

After an hour and fifteen minutes of clinging to the big man, the Harley pulled into the driveway of a fashionable house near Saddle River in Bergen County, New Jersey. The garage door opened at the push of a button and Pluto pulled the bike into the garage, next to a BMW.

The big man turned and smiled.

Clifford registered confusion, elation, suspicion.

The garage door down, Pluto unlocked the door to the house. He held the door open for Clifford, gesturing for him to come inside.

Clifford walked past a spacious kitchen with a median work area, past a dining room with a table that sat eight. He walked into a sunken living room overlooking a large patio and pool, surrounded by grass and flowers, beyond which was a line of trees. He faced Pluto, who gestured for him to sit.

"Who are you?" asked Clifford, sitting, mesmerized.

"My name is Plutarsky . . . George Plutarsky." He walked into the kitchen, looking back at Clifford over a breakfast bar. "I have to have some coffee. You?"

"What I really need is a drink."

Pluto quickly looked up in horror, almost dropping a cup.

"Just kidding," assured Clifford, impressed with Pluto's reaction. "Coffee's fine."

The big leather man made instant coffee as his younger guest studied him. Meeting Clifford's gaze, he smiled shyly.

Happily? The Pluto that Clifford remembered was only a body with a powerful—even frightening—chemistry. He remembered little sign of a personality, yet that chemistry was enough to attract him like no other man. The chemistry was still there—less the foul odor—but there was more now. Much more. Clifford was giddy over what he sensed.

Pluto brought two cups of coffee, handing one to Clifford. He sighed and settled into a chair opposite the

younger man. "Got a pencil?"

"Yeah." Clifford pointed at his own head.

The big man looked out at the pool. "I'm a retired business owner at fifty-five. Owned my own pipe fabrication company up until February of this year. My wife died of a stroke last December and my two sons are married and living in Connecticut." He took a sip of coffee, burning his tongue. Frowning, he placed the cup on the coffee table that separated them. He shrugged and drew a big hand over the top of his head. "Uh . . . let's see, what else? I was a professional football player for four years, then became a professional wrestler for six years. I wore a mask." He chuckled. "My sons were embarrassed about the wrestling. Never told their friends that their father was a pro wrestler. Football player, okay. Wrestling was a bummer." Sorrow colored his expression and he swallowed hard. "My wife's name was Edith and I sort of . . . well, I went to pieces when she died." His eyes misted over slightly. "I couldn't even get a hard on with a prostitute or any other woman, so I started going to the peep shows. Guess I decided that I needed a radical change in life style—just to stay sane, maybe. But things sort of got out of hand." His expression darkened further and the timbre of his voice altered accordingly. "Right before I met you, I had this bizarre plan." With two slightly trembling hands, he picked up the coffee cup again and sipped the hot beverage. He grimaced. "I was planning to ride my bike off the end of one of the Jersey City piers in a blaze of glory. I'd not drawn a sober breath in over three weeks. The day you saw me in that bar, I was planning to do myself in."

Clifford felt dizzy, as if he had taken a drink. "I kept you from killing yourself?" he asked, child-like.

Pluto's expression lightened; he smiled and nodded. "When you walked up to me, man, you were out in left field. I guess . . . I guess I knew that you'd just gotten there--to left field--and that you were pleading for someone to bring you back. I thought that you needed help and I . . .well, I thought that maybe you needed help more than I did. Hell, I don't know." He appeared frustrated, trying to explain his feelings.

Suddenly, Clifford realized that Pluto was sober. "When did you dry out?"

He rested his elbows on his knees, clasping his sweating hands together. "Same time you did."

"Where?"

"Here, by myself."

"Cold turkey?" Clifford was awed.

"Cold turkey." He shrugged. "It wasn't that much of a deal. I didn't go through anything like what you went through."

Clifford smiled. "You talked to Ted?"

He chuckled. "Briefly. I don't think he wanted me to stick around long enough to find out much."

"He thinks you're a demon."

Pluto rolled his eyes up, laughing.

Clifford laughed with him. "No kidding. He started the whole thing."

"And he wasn't even on LSD, for crissakes."

He regarded Pluto seriously. "He didn't tell you very much about me, then."

Pluto shook his head, his expression hopeful.

"You got a pencil?"

Pluto pointed at his own head and smiled.

For over two hours they talked, walked around the back yard and ate a delivered pizza. Clifford told the big man all about his unhappy childhood and his insidious journey into alcoholism. He told of his love of older men and the stigma it caused.

The two men exchanged surprisingly compatible views on an assortment of little things and life philosophy in general. There seemed to be no barriers, and Clifford was terrified that there was something awful that would pop up and ruin the whole effect. He suspected that Pluto felt the same way. The almost twenty year difference in their ages was never considered an issue.

When it got late, Clifford suggested they have more coffee; Pluto made more. Clifford sat on the couch again, hoping that Pluto would sit next to him, but he sat across the table from him instead.

They sipped coffee, both falling silent.

Clifford struggled to think of a way to get the conversation to a higher plane. Absently, he looked at his watch, causing Pluto to frown.

"Got some place you have to go to?" asked Pluto, a concerned expression of his face.

"Uhh . . .No," Clifford said, shyly. "Can I stay here tonight?"

Pluto abruptly laughed, as if immense pressure had been relieved. "Try going anywhere else."

A powerful, alien emotion overcame Clifford and he hit the couch with both hands. "Oh, fuck! This is silly!" He walked to Pluto, kneeling before him, taking the cup from the big hands and placing it back on the table. He gently hugged Pluto, placing his face against the warm, bare chest.

"I was praying you'd do that, Cliff." Pluto sighed and hugged the younger man, resting his chin on top of his head. "I don't know why, but I think we belong together."

Clifford felt tears dripping into his hair.

Pluto lay nude in bed, shuddering with excitement. Clifford stood transfixed at the end of the bed, looking down at the most exciting man he'd ever seen in his life.

Pluto looked as if he could still get into the ring with anyone. His skin tone was healthy; what moderate fat his body carried was evenly distributed. His irises caught the lamp light above his headboard and became like two sparkling peridots caught in direct sunlight. His uncut cock was perfectly formed and thick, in spite of the fact that it was flaccid. He looked down at his soft cock and frowned. "Any other time, it would be hard as a fucking rock."

"It's temporary," assured Clifford. "You're intimidated."

"I'm scared to death, Cliff. I'm afraid I'll be a dud. Hell, the only thing I've ever done is stick my dick through a hole."

"Just relax," soothed Clifford. "Don't try anything. Just lay back and

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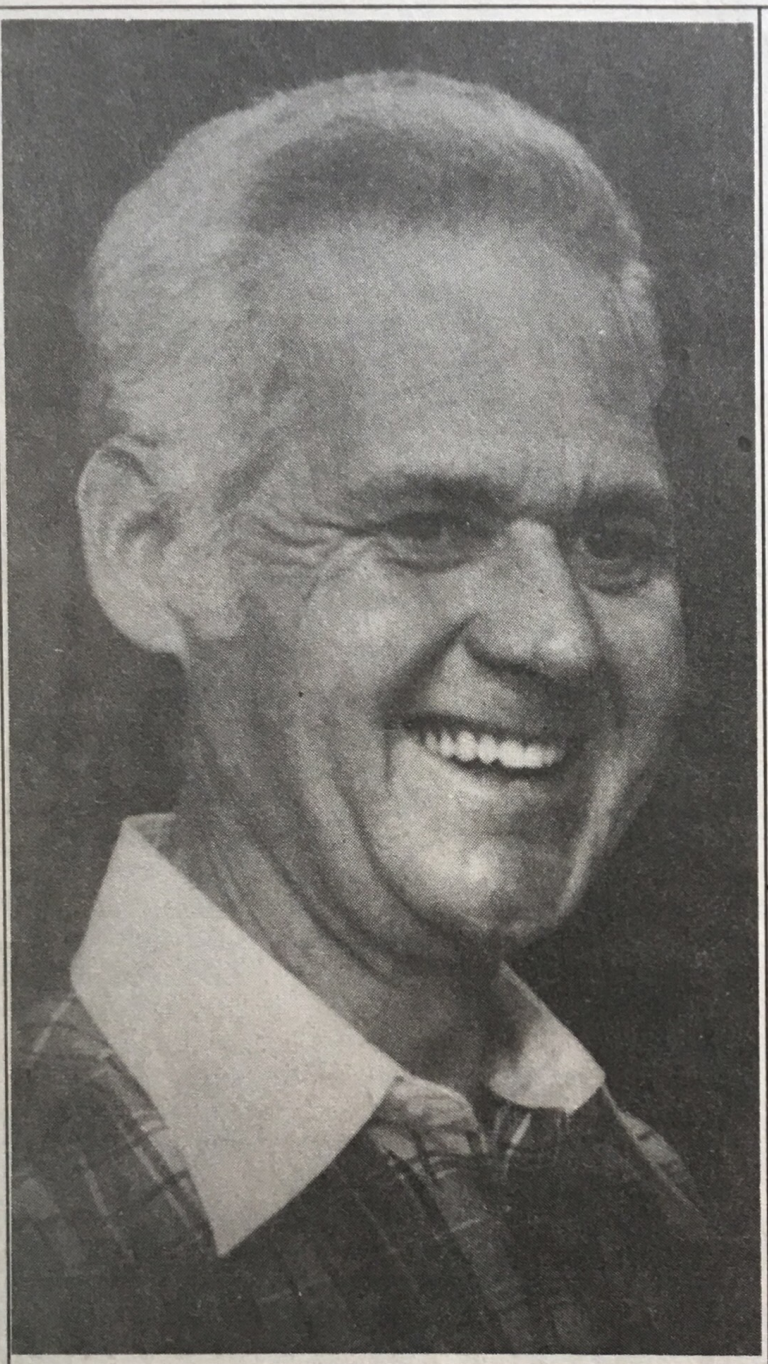
PLAY WITH MR. WINSTON?



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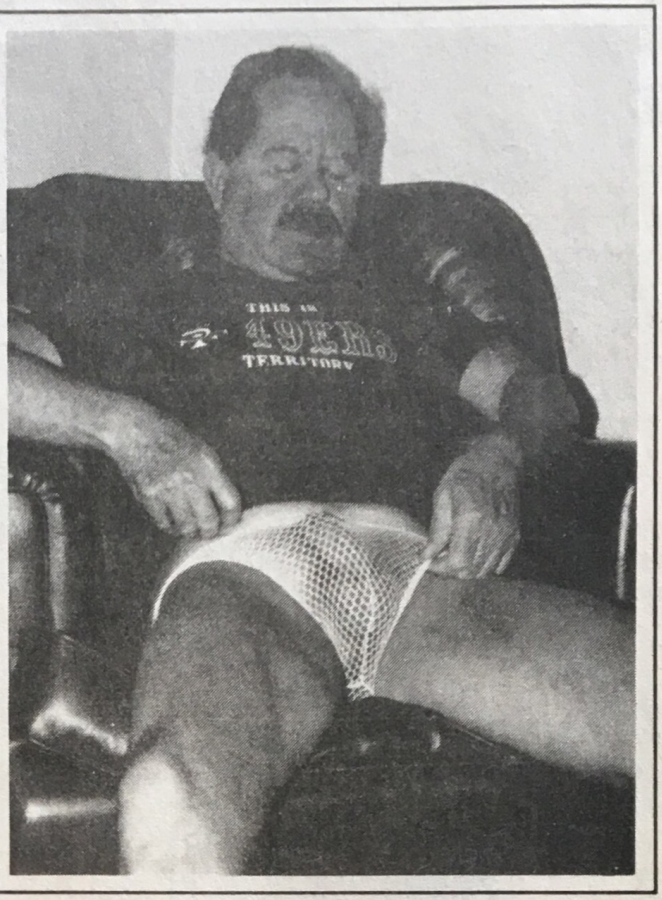

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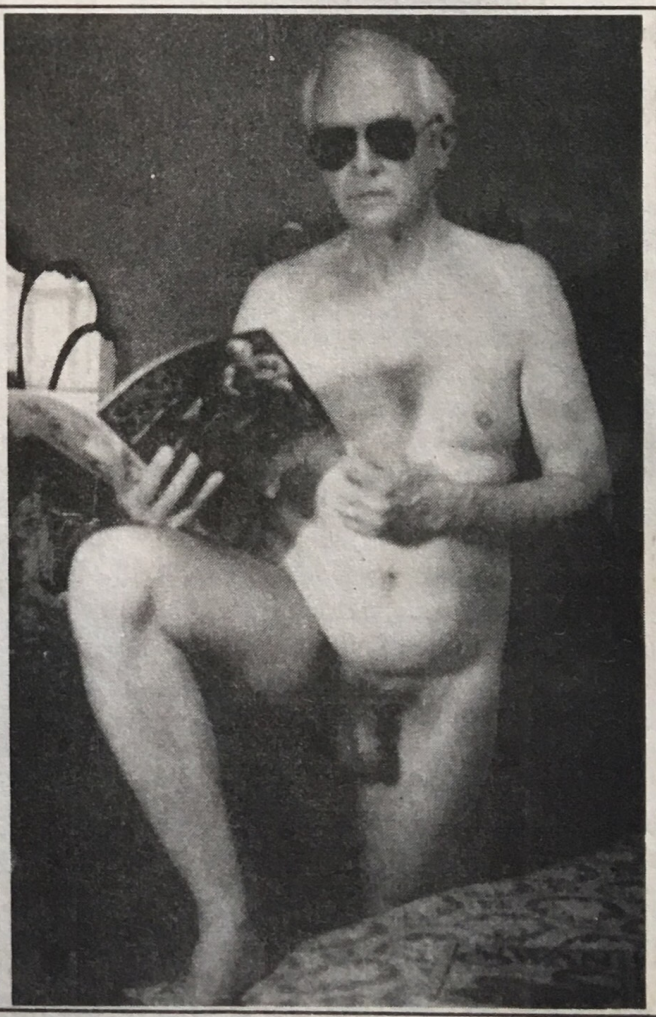

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let me show you the ropes." He slipped onto the bed and crouched over the big man. "Don't try. Just let it all happen."

Gently, Clifford lay his head on Pluto's right shoulder, softly massaging the big man's chest. Pluto turned to face him, kissing him tentatively on the lips, his whole body trembling. He kissed Clifford over and over, probing with his tongue.

Clifford pulled away, amazed. "Goddamn, you really want to learn fast, don't you?"

They fused together at the mouth, each savoring the sweet saliva of the other. With every moment, Clifford could sense an increment of progress in Pluto's transformation from terrified novice to master of love making. They kissed out of love and not lust. The hunger in each was relieved by just the closeness of the other. Saliva became a sedative.

"I don't think I'm afraid any more," whispered Pluto. "I'm not afraid of *anything* any more."

"Neither am I," offered Clifford.

"I'm not even afraid to tell you that I love you already."

Clifford's pulse quickened as he wondered if all this were a cruel dream. He thought of Ted's parting comments and allowed himself a brief, bizarre image of Pluto, suddenly turning into a malevolent demon. But the warmth he felt dispelled the image, forcing a smile. "You really do?"

Pluto nodded enthusiastically.

Clifford climbed on top of him, pretending to pin him to the bed. "You promise you do?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die."

Clifford felt that he would burst with joy.

"Hey, you're more experienced at this, you know," said Pluto. "You've been gay for years, right? And, hell, this is strange stuff for me."

"So?"

"Aren't you going to say something like, 'Don't say you love me until you're sure?' or 'Let's be cool and see how it all develops?'"

"Nope," answered Clifford, dipping down to lick Pluto's nipples.

"Why not?" asked Pluto, his breath cut short with the feel of Clifford's tongue upon his chest.

"When it's not the 'big number one,' people say things like that. When they're not sure, they feel anxious. They qualify it, so they can get away quickly—or worse, talk themselves into settling for something less that the 'big number one.'"

"Then you feel the same about me?"

Clifford watched as Pluto's cock reached full erection. "Someone told me once that when you find the love of your life, there will be no doubt in your mind." He inched back up to Pluto's face. "My heart, my gut—everything about me says, 'yes.'" He kissed Pluto tenderly. "I love you, George Plutarsky."

Clifford licked from the bottom of Pluto's lip to his navel in one long swoop. Swirling his tongue around the hairy navel, he swooped down into the salt and pepper pubic hair. His eyes crossed, focusing upon a drop of pre-cum, he studied the drop, fascinated by it. He touched it with his tongue and pulled away, stretching the drop into a thin line of nectar. A rivulet of pre-cum flowed from the slit, impelling Clifford's tongue to stretch, welcoming the pulsing liquid.

"Something unbelievable is going on in my groin," whispered Pluto, his voice quavering.

"Let it go, Baby," urged Clifford. "We have a lifetime to get our timing right."

"OH, GOD!" yelled Pluto, jissom shooting high in the air.

Clifford went down on him, muting the eruption. Pluto's cock lurched repeatedly, pumping the sweetness onto waiting taste buds, flooding Clifford's mouth, cascading down his throat.

As the last drop of semen slid from Pluto's flaccid cock, Clifford hunted for any drop left unconsumed.

A quick glance at Pluto's eyes confirmed that his love was real. And as Clifford pulled the covers up and cuddled next to his big, wonderful lover, he knew that those eyes would continue projecting that message for the rest of their lives. Somehow, he knew.

Three Days Later

It was Pluto's impulsive idea to fly to San Juan for five days. Neither he nor Clifford actually called the trip a honeymoon, but both celebrated it as such. Since Clifford had never seen the islands, he spent the entire trip staring out the window, his leg pressed tightly against Pluto's leg. He was awed at the sight of the verdant hills and clear, green lagoons.

Arriving in the late afternoon, they checked into the La Concha Hotel on the beach; since it was still off season, they almost had it to themselves. Ordering dinner from room service, they spent the evening eating, watching television, making love.

The following morning, after a breakfast of pineapple, chicken liver omelets and guava nectar, they spent almost a full hour on the sizzling beach, erotically spreading generous amounts of lotion over the body of the other. Both defiantly wore skimpy bathing suits they'd bought in a gay boutique in Greenwich Village.

That afternoon, they shopped for something appropriate to wear during the hot and sultry nights. A female sales clerk suggested they choose white *guayaberas*, well ventilated, embroidered shirts that Latin American men wear outside their trousers. Buying the shirts, they took a tour of Old San Juan and, using a gay travel guide, checked out the locations of various bars they wanted to visit later.

That night, dressed in their *guayaberas* and glowing with sunburn, they had dinner at an out-of-the-way restaurant that catered to natives and tourists who sought native food. They had a delicious *Arroz con Pollo*, accompanied by black beans; the ambience was rich with friendliness and excellent service. As with so many lovers in the throes of a honeymoon, they would come to cherish the pleasant experience. The restaurant was called *Casa de Maldonado* and became almost like a shrine to them. They agreed to have dinner only at "their place" for the duration of the vacation.

Just before ten o'clock, they found their way through the narrow streets of Old San Juan to a semi-gay nightclub called *Ocho Puertas*, where a popular black songstress held court over nightly throngs of gay men and wealthy natives. Enraptured, Clifford and Pluto listened to the Spanish songs. They applauded her so enthusiastically that she sang the last two songs of her set to them. Her final song was "I Left My Heart In San Francisco" in thickly accented English.

From *Ocho Puertas*, they ventured to a lively dancing bar called the Sand and Sea, where young, gay Puerto Ricans danced the *merengue* to an eight-piece steel band. According to the travel guide, male-to-male dancing wasn't allowed in Puerto Rico, so Clifford and Pluto weren't surprised to see that many of the young men brought *simpatico* girls as dancing partners. A muscular young man rhythmically grated a hollow, ridged gourd with a wire, establishing the sensuous beat. The other musicians struck various shapes and sizes of crafted steel drums with extraordinary speed, sending sparkling music swirling over the heads of the dancers, who moved fluidly, with a sensual, grinding motion. Clifford and Pluto were entranced with the sight and wished they could have tried the dance.

They moved on to a bar called *El Yunque*, which was classified as a piano bar, catering to a mixed crowd. They came to a locked glass door and looked through at a stairway leading up to a poshly decorated landing.

"What's this?" wondered Pluto, pressing a button.

"Must be exclusive," Clifford suggested.

A heavy-set bouncer appeared at the landing and scrutinized them, finally buzzing the door open. He nodded at them and gestured for them to enter. Climbing the uneven stairway and passing by the bouncer, they entered the main room of the bar.

El Yunque featured a more sedate crowd than that of the Sand and Sea. The clientele was generally older and much better dressed. A huge painting of a majestic centaur in silver and green adorned the wall behind a huge, grand piano bar. A dramatic abstract painting in silver and black hung from the opposite wall. There were a few women and many older men in attendance, with an equal mix of Hispanic and light-skinned people. An elegantly dressed man sat at the piano, singing a song in Portuguese. Red-jacketed waiters scurried around, waiting on patrons sitting in alcoves on different levels. Tropical greenery was everywhere; ceiling fans turned lazily, creating an ambience that neither Clifford nor Pluto had ever experienced.

A man and woman vacated their stools at the piano bar just to the right of the keyboard; Clifford and Pluto quickly took them. The pianist smiled at them as he finished singing a moving, Brazilian love song. Clifford recognized it as being from the movie "Black Orpheus." To Clifford's amusement, the entertainer looked hungrily at the closer Pluto, smoothly modulating into a passionate *"Besa Me Mucho"* in Spanish. Clifford felt as if he could read the singer's mind as he lusted over Pluto and regarded Clifford with a look of playful envy. He seemed to respect Clifford's lack of insecurity.

Ordering soft drinks, the two lovers sat, quietly admiring the man's sweetly lyric, baritone voice. As the singer completed his set, Clifford offered to buy him a drink, whereupon he ordered a club soda.

"Where are you from?" asked the entertainer.

"New Jersey," said Pluto. "You've got one hell of a voice, fella."

The singer lowered his eyes modestly. "Thank you. Are you enjoying Puerto Rico?"

"Love it," said Clifford. "Where did you learn Portuguese?"

He slid to the side of the piano bench, ostensibly to be more intimate with Pluto, who inched away from him, delighting Clifford. "I've travelled extensively throughout Europe and South America. I'm Cuban, not Puerto Rican."

Clifford wondered how that statement would come across to the average Puerto Rican.

As Pluto and the singer talked, Clifford admired the centaur painting above them, then studied the painting across the room. As his gaze moved to a couple of laughing senior men, an incongruous color flashed from the corner of his vision. He looked at the abstract again, feeling as if it had changed somehow. Suddenly, it had the color red in it, and he could have sworn that the painting was silver and black before. He shook his head and scanned another section of the bar, but the painting lured him back.

The painting was now of a snow-white mandrill baboon with red and black stripes down its face. Its teeth were bared and glistening. Clifford flinched and closed his eyes. He glanced at Pluto and the singer, but neither of them realized that he was having a problem. An atmosphere of insanity seemed to fall upon him like a nebulous cloud of ice fog. He glanced at the main bar and saw that the rich mahogany finish had faded to a grey-brown. The lush plants were now a faded yellow-green. Panic gripped him; his breathing became labored. He wondered if he were having a heart attack and strived to look at the situation objectively. There was no pain in his chest or arms, so he tried to breathe slowly and deeply. He realized that the hallucinogenic residue had returned for an encore.

Pluto turned to Clifford. "So what do you want to hear?"

Clifford glanced at him and attempted a smile. "Pardon?"

Pluto immediately noticed that something was wrong. "Uh . . ." He turned and watched as the singer excused himself and walked away. "He wanted to know if we had any requests. What's wrong with you?"

Clifford leaned toward him and whispered, "They came back again . . . the hallucinations."

"Oh, Jesus," whispered Pluto. "You want to go back to the hotel?"

A small white bat flew in slow motion across Clifford's field of vision, but he didn't recoil. He closed his eyes. "I need a drink, Pluto."

"Let's go," said the big man, pushing his stool backwards.

The colossal, white baboon, its face ablaze with red and black stripes, jumped out of the wall, stomping thunderously toward him, its massive teeth dripping steaming saliva and blood.

Clifford gasped and crashed backwards against the wall, silencing the entire bar. Pluto quickly grabbed his shoulders, ushering him out of the bar and down to the street.

As Pluto whispered assurances every block or so, they walked aimlessly through the narrow streets until Clifford returned to normal.

"I'm sorry I fucked things up," said Clifford, emotionally drained.

"Maybe that'll be the last one," offered Pluto.

"Why did they do that to me?" Quince's image focused sharply in his mind.

Pluto didn't know what to say, finally suggesting that they return to the hotel.

"Someone has to avenge Lee, Pluto." Anger rose within him. "Someone has to avenge what he did to me and God knows how many others." *Recompense, Quince. I must have my recompense. You have to pay the piper, turd.*

The big man shook his head. "Don't even think about revenge. You'll just hurt yourself. You have to force it from your mind."

Clifford allowed himself the fantasy of grabbing Quince by the throat and tearing it out in one chunk. He could almost see Quince's eyes, filled with terror, as his throat was separated from his body. "There should be an avenging angel," whispered Clifford.

In spite of the incident, they continued their vacation and returned to all the same places, except *El Yunque*. The night before their morning departure, they had dinner at *Casa de Maldonado* for the last time, splurging on *Paella*. They caught the show at *Ocho Puertas*, then returned to the hotel to get to bed early. As a nightcap, they bought soft drinks and took a barefoot stroll on the beach.

They stood on a dark, deserted strand of beach, and Clifford surveyed the area. "Hey."

Pluto turned to him. "What?"

"Let's have sex in the sand, right here."

Pluto looked around, spotting a man and woman walking in their direction. "You crazy?"

Clifford groped him, chuckling as Pluto's cock instantly sprang forth with an erection. "Boy, have I done a fucking number on you."

"You have, huh?" said Pluto breathless.

Clifford unzipped Pluto's trousers and fell to his knees, reaching hungrily for the stiff cock.

"No," whispered Pluto, looking around nervously. "They're too close."

Clifford went down on him, sending shock waves throughout his body. Almost shooting his load prematurely, Pluto pulled out, looking anxiously for the other couple.

The man and woman suddenly stopped and walked toward the surf, oblivious to the men.

Pluto scanned the area carefully and crumbled to the sand, finally falling onto his back. Clifford went down on him, wanting him to ejaculate prematurely. He felt addicted to the sweet taste of Pluto's semen and couldn't get enough. The big man's cock was actually raw from the frenzied, five-day banquet.

Instead of climaxing, Pluto pulled out Clifford's cock and roughly placed him in a sixty-nine position. Passionately, he went all the way down on Clifford, and, for the first time, didn't gag. Excited by this revelation, Clifford felt a churning in his groin and signaled his lover with moans. Both men's leg muscles flexed and hardened, preparing for an exceptional climax. They gripped each other and pushed their cocks deeply into the other's throat. In concert, they exchanged elixir, swallowing to make room for more.

A rumbling sound sent a tingling sensation down their backs as a freak wave crashed on the beach, drenching them with foamy surf.

***

They arrived at Newark International Airport the following afternoon. Clifford sensed Pluto's concerned stare as he watched the baggage conveyor belt for sight of Pluto's large suitcase. He struggled to appear relaxed and in good spirits, even though he wasn't. He felt an obsession rising within him about Quince. He also felt frightened—very frightened. He got the distinct impression that someone powerful and very dangerous had been listening to him.

Driving home, Pluto continued glancing at Clifford, who maintained his facade, even though the closeness of Pluto had a calming effect. Then, just as the feeling started to wane—just as he began to look forward to getting on with his life with Pluto—he saw a red-collared Rottweiler sitting on a street corner a block from Pluto's house. The dog's eyes seemed to bore into him.

Eerily, he sensed the exchange of data from the dog's piercing eyes to his own subconscious. Somehow he knew that the hallucinations were over and that someone—or some *thing*—was watching over him.

10

The Following Night

It seemed so real . . . so terribly real. . . .

Quince sat in a recliner chair, reading by lamp light. His apartment was almost dark. Paniskos lay at his feet, sleeping.

He heard the front door bell ring and walked to the window, peering behind the closed drapes. He saw the silhouette of a man on the front porch and a BMW parked at the bus stop across the street. He turned to Paniskos. "My goodness, I think we have a guest, Paniskos," he whispered. He held an index finger up to his lips. "If it's someone we can't take advantage of, let's not be in, all right?"

He tiptoed to the building entrance and peered through the security hole, which offered the fish-eye vision of the back of a man's head. The man was gesturing to someone in the BMW across the street.

Quince glanced at Paniskos and smiled. "Who is it?" he yelled, violently opening the door for effect.

Clifford turned around, startled.

Quince was equally startled and backed up a step.

Clifford's expression turned to cold hatred.

"Well, well," said Quince. "Look what the cat drug up." He managed a smile.

"I came for my things," said Clifford, flatly. "Are they still here or did you confiscate them?"

"Of course not." Quince tried to see who was in the BMW. "I packed your things inside your suitcases and stored them in your closet." He turned and walked toward his apartment. "I'll just get my keys and let you in." He glanced back and watched as Clifford signaled the person in the BMW.

He found his key chain atop the kitchen table and returned to the foyer, motioning for Clifford to follow him up the stairs. Looking past Clifford, he saw a huge man sitting on the porch railing in the shadows.

Clifford partially closed the door behind him and followed Quince up the stairs.

"Oh, did you hear about poor Lee and Dianna?" He stopped briefly and regarded Clifford's expression, which was still the same. He shrugged and continued. "Who would have thought they would go through with a lover's murder/suicide pact?"

Clifford remained silent, his expression grim.

"I've already rented Lee's apartment. Billy's from Arkansas and drinks as much as you." Quince glanced back, but Clifford betrayed no response. "I haven't rented your place yet, but I have two prospects. Soon, we'll have a full house again." He chuckled lecherously.

As Clifford inventoried all his belongings, Quince stood at the window, looking down at the big man on the porch. He watched as the man walked out on the sidewalk and squatted, holding his hand out to what appeared to be a large dog. The dog seemed to cautiously approach the man, who patted its head and back. The man returned to the porch with the dog at his heels. Again, the man reached down and patted the dog's head. Suddenly, the dog turned and walked toward the front door.

"Oh, my God," Quince gasped. "The door's not closed." He looked at Clifford, who had closed both suitcases and was heading out of the apartment. Quince abruptly pushed past him and rushed down the stairs.

As he reached the first floor, he saw that, like his apartment door, the building entrance door was wide open. He approached Pluto on the porch. "Did a dog come through this door?"

"Yeah," said Pluto, cockily. "I thought it was yours."

Wild-eyed, Quince rushed into his apartment. "Paniskos! Paniskos!" He frantically searched the living room and kitchen, then ran out into the foyer, just as Clifford joined Pluto on the front porch. He ran to the doorway and looked pleadingly at Pluto. "Are you sure he came in the house?"

Pluto nodded, reaching for one of Clifford's suitcases. "You saw the dog, didn't you, Babe?"

Clifford ignored the question and walked dreamily toward the car. Pluto shrugged and followed him.

Quince rushed into the living room again and turned on all the lights. "Paniskos?" He began looking in every crevice and corner.

Quince methodically searched the entire living room, then the kitchen. He walked through the narrow hallway to the large bedroom, turning on a little used overhead light. He saw Paniskos, cowering in the far corner, his tongue frantically tasting the air.

He looked around the bedroom. "Here, doggie," he sang, getting on his knees and pulling up the bedspread. "Here, boy." From the dark walk-in closet, he heard the sound of running feet, then glimpsed a blur of black and brown. He felt his head fall back as sharp canine teeth clamped down on his throat.

Clifford's eyes popped open, his heart booming, his mouth dry. He slipped out of bed without disturbing Pluto and went for a drink of water. On his way back to bed, he felt a strong urge to look out the front window.

The Rottweiler lay on the front lawn, its eyes fixed upon Clifford.

11

The Following Night

Clifford tried to think of an excuse not to retrieve his suitcases from Quince's house but knew that he had to go through with it. Even Pluto, who had been adamantly against it, strangely fell quiet and offered no more arguments.

As they were leaving, Clifford saw that the Rottweiler was nowhere around.

They pulled to the curb across the street from Quince's house; Pluto glanced at Clifford.

"I won't be long," said Clifford, his mouth like cotton.

"You sure you don't want me inside with you?"

"He won't do anything. After he sees you sitting on the front porch, he'd be nuts to try anything."

Pluto frowned. "I just don't understand it. Why do you want me to sit on the front porch?"

Clifford patted him on the leg. "Trust me, okay?"

Pluto shrugged, turning to look at the house.

Clifford got out of the car and slowly walked up to the front porch. He stared at the door bell and wondered what would happen if he just turned around and left.

From the shadows behind him came a feral snarl, causing Clifford's body temperature to drop. The feeling of deja vu was overwhelming.

Oh, God, he heard me. It's real . . . It's going to happen . . . .

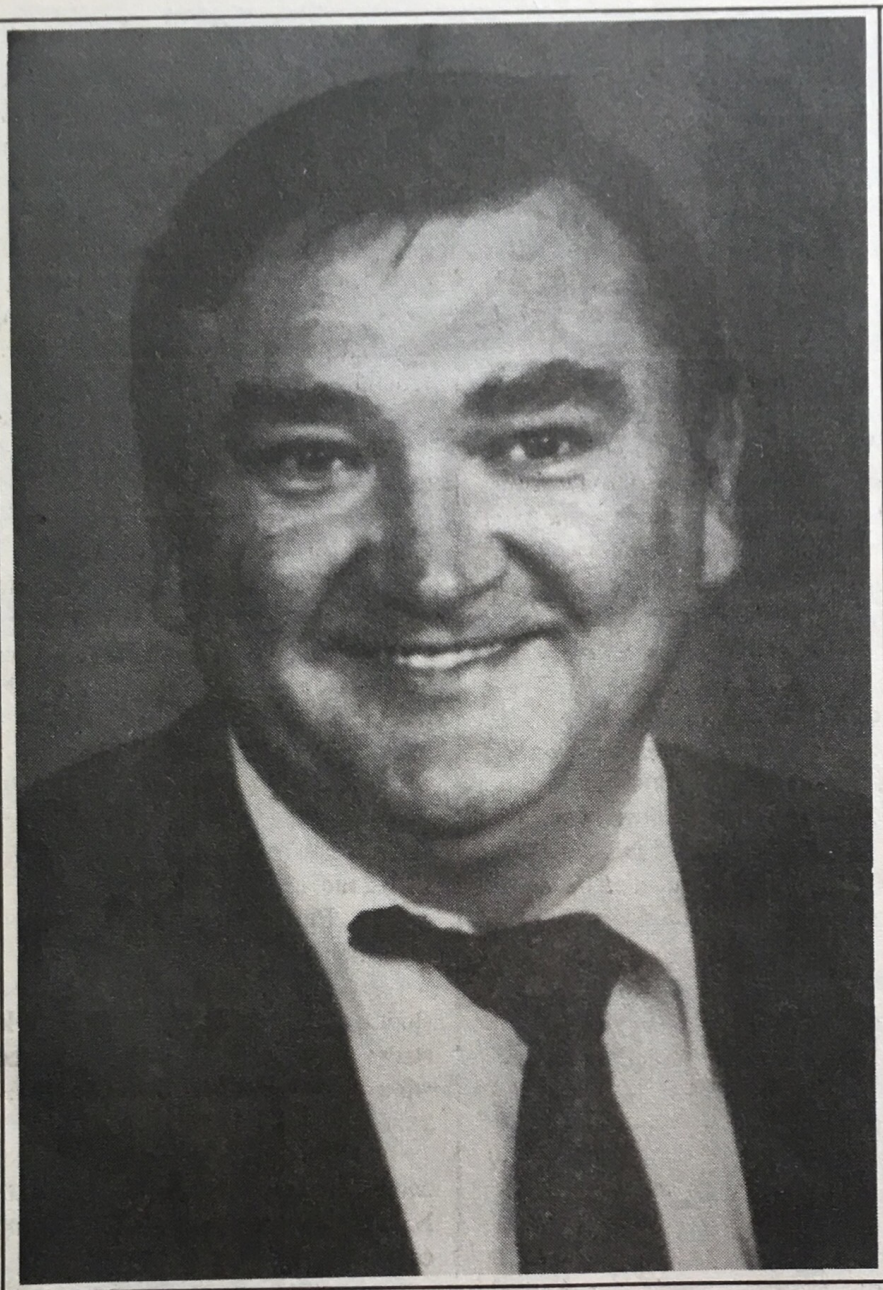
He took two deep breaths and rang the door bell.

12

The Following Night

Pluto pulled into the garage on his bike, having picked up an evening newspaper and a half gallon of milk. He closed the garage door and glanced at the headlines, which were always about Vietnam. As he tripped the kick stand, the house door opened and Clifford stuck his head out.

"Hi, you cute little shit," greeted Pluto, climbing off the bike and handing the paper and milk to Clifford.



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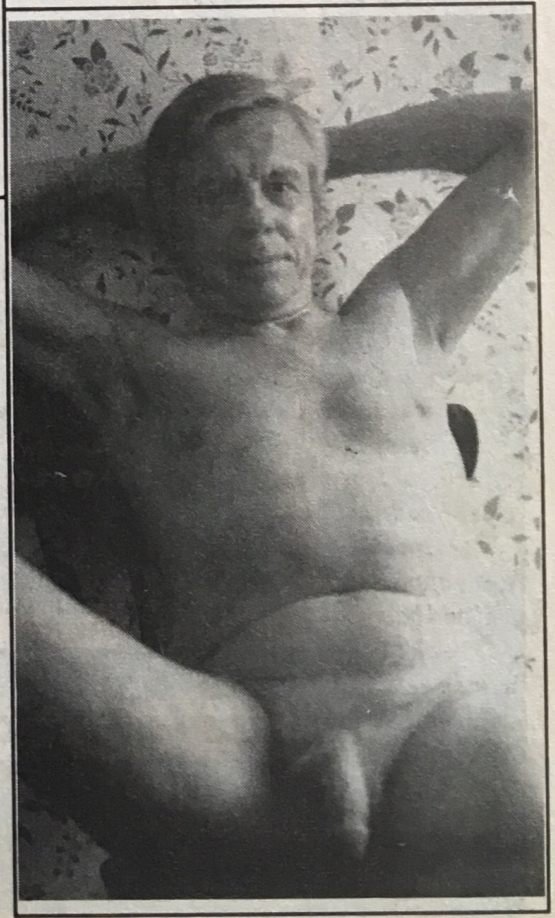

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ARTWORK FROM SAMSON

"Your realtor is on the phone. I heard you coming."

"Oh," reacted Pluto, rushing into the kitchen to pick up the receiver on the counter. "Bob? How's it goin'? You got something good?"

Clifford followed him into the kitchen and placed the milk in the refrigerator. He glanced at the newspaper and went back to his preparations for dinner.

"No shit!" shouted Pluto, his face beaming.

Clifford returned to the newspaper and thumbed through the first four pages. It suddenly occurred to him that perhaps his sanity would benefit if he just wiped his mind clean of the whole mess.

Wasn't it nothing more than a combination of coincidence, dreams and hallucinations?

"You're sure they can carry it? How much down?" Pluto laughed. "Okay, me boy. You did good. Guess we have to start packing, huh?" He laughed again. "Okay, bye." He hung up, then grabbed Clifford and lifted him effortlessly, finally allowing the younger man to slide down his torso until they were face to face.

"I assume that was good news," said Clifford, kissing his lover on the nose.

Pluto looked at him thoughtfully, kissing him passionately on the lips. "We have to do some serious planning, kid."

Clifford nodded toward the stove. "Shall I put dinner on hold?"

"Yeah, I'm too excited to eat." The big man led Clifford into the living room; they sat together on the couch.

"By the way," said Clifford, "both your sons called. They don't seem too happy about your selling the house."

"It's not their house," Pluto said flatly.

"They don't seem too ecstatic about me either."

"Fuck 'em. It's my life and, if I want to live it in California with you, I will." He placed his big arm around Clifford. "The ball's in their court, Cliff. I educated them and helped them get started in good careers. *You're* my life now."

Clifford sighed. "Then I'm not going to sweat it."

"Attaboy," congratulated Pluto, squeezing Clifford's shoulder. "Okay, now as far as I see it, we have three options. We can go into pipe fabrication, and you can learn the business from me. Or, we can go into cosmetics, and you can teach the business to me." He smiled.

"Fuck cosmetics. So what's the third?"

"Or, we can live off my investments and just travel and make love all the time."

Clifford smiled playfully. "Why don't we just decide after we get there?"

"Great idea," Pluto agreed.

The following morning, Pluto gathered all the things destined for the Salvation Army while Clifford mowed the front lawn. As Clifford was putting away the electric mower inside the garage, he saw a flash of black and brown out of the corner of his eye. Terrified, he slowly walked around the BMW, staggering at the sight of the Rottweiler.

The dog looked up at Clifford pleadingly, fearfully backing away in response to the human's body language. Clifford was convinced that it was the same dog, in spite of the fact that it had no collar and was much thinner. The dog was nowhere near as ferocious-looking as before; still, Clifford somehow knew that it was the same.

"You don't understand it either, do you?" Clifford knelt and held out his hands.

The Rottweiler cautiously inched toward him in a submissive stance. Clifford affectionately patted his head, finally convincing the dog that he was a friend.

"You don't look too good, fella," said Clifford, allowing the dog to lick his chin.

"Well, what do we have here?" asked Pluto, walking into the garage.

The dog looked warily at Pluto, cowering toward Clifford.

Pluto knelt and patted the dog. "Damn, I'll bet you're as hungry as hell."

"Let's feed him and take him to a vet," said Clifford, absently.

"You want to keep him?" asked Pluto, scrutinizing the dogs ears and teeth. "Looks like the same breed as that one that went into Quince's house."

Clifford pouted like a child. "Could we, Daddy?"

Pluto smiled at the dog, who was loving all the attention. He stood and sighed. "Okay, but you'll have to take care of him."

Both men stood and coaxed the dog into the house with baby talk.

As Pluto looked through the yellow pages for a local vet, Clifford opened and placed down the unread newspaper from the day before. Finding some left over roast in the refrigerator, he cut it up and served it in a bowl atop the paper.

Finding a number, Pluto dialed. "What do you want to call him?"

"Sharru," said Clifford watching the dog noisily eat.

Pluto frowned. "Wasn't that the name . . . of that . . .?"

Clifford smiled. "You don't believe in demons, do you?"

"Sharru," repeated Pluto, nodding. "God, I hope he travels well."

"He will."

"All the way to Los Angeles?"

"No problem. Isn't that right, Sharru?"

The dog affectionately glanced up at Clifford, then continued gobbling down the cubes of pot roast. A piece of meat fell to the paper and Clifford knelt to place it back into the bowl. Underneath a greasy stain, he saw the small headline:

WEEHAWKEN MAN SLAIN

He slowly sat on the floor, scratching Sharru behind his ears. The dog interrupted his meal to lick Clifford's arm, then resumed eating. "Welcome home, killer," whispered Clifford, grinning.

"Hello? I'd like to make an appointment to see the vet." Pluto looked lovingly at the dog, then Clifford. "Yeah, this Rottweiler just walked into our lives and we think we'll keep him."

THE END

SMOKEY

CONFESSIONS OF A CHUBBY
by Big Eider

Right up front, I must confess to being a mature chubby male who enjoys flying but is gripped by fear before each impending flight. Before you send for the boys in the white coats, let me explain that the seemingly endless fretting that accompanies my preparations for each flight is born not out of a fear of heights or claustrophobia, but from a fear of showing up at the airport only to discover that the flight has been booked to capacity and that I and two other adults will be sharing seating space barely adequate for three malnourished grade-schoolers. Just the thought is more than sufficient to strike terror in the heart of a super chubby.

I am sure that it has occurred to some readers that this fear could be totally, or at least partially, alleviated if I flew first class instead of coach. C'mon guys, get real! The wider seats of first class have their appeal, but have you checked the first class fares lately, and why should tall or big men have to shell out a king's ransom just to be allowed sufficient seating area? Yet, the hidden cost of coach fare includes the risk of a crowded flight on which large people must be wedged into tighter spaces than a fashion model's designer jeans with no room to change positions (to avoid having a permanent record of the arm rests transferred to their hips and upper thighs, or to prevent their compressed flesh from accidentally releasing the seat-back release buttons). I can assure you from personal experience that it's rather disconcerting during takeoff if gravity is forcing you back against a seat back that is threatening to recline into the lap of the unsuspecting passenger sitting behind you. Although, on second thought, falling into someone's lap might hold promise as a novel conversational ice-breaker, especially if that passenger happens to be a delightful chubby chaser.

Then again on crowded flights, there is the chilling effect of the facial expression of your neighbor-to-be as he expectantly walks down the aisle only to suddenly realize that he is going to be sitting in the middle seat next to a chubby. That facial expression, born of the realization that in the great lottery of life he has just won a rotten trip, is greatly enhanced if his second seat mate also turns out to be anyone larger than Richard Simmons. Several times in the past, I have witnessed that expression, and I can assure you that it is not a pleasant experience.

Assuming a chubby, like myself, and his two seat mates somehow manage to find a way to co-occupy their limited assigned seating space on a fully booked flight, there remains a delicate problem which requires some mutual understanding and subtle body negotiations. It's quite one thing for a chubby's stomach to protrude over his belt, but quite another for his shoulders and ample love handles to protrude across the arm rest and into the ribs or other parts of his neighbor's anatomy. More than once, an understanding neighbor has indeed turned out to be a heaven-sent blessing on one of my crowded flights.

The avoidance of discomfort and pain being a strong stimulus to inventiveness, I, as a chubby, have learned to go to extreme lengths to avoid crowding on flights. Clearly, my first line of defense involves trying to arrange a seat next to an empty seat—thank God for moveable arm rests. Tactics include making seat reservations as early as possible, then calling the night before the flight to insure that the middle seat had not yet been assigned or, if it had, to try to change seat assignment. If that tactic fails, the agent at the airport ticket counter can frequently be of help. Most passengers are unaware that a number of seats are held for large parties and mothers traveling with small children, and can only be assigned at the airline counter at the time of check in. For the convenience of other passengers, most ticket agents are more than happy to assign a chubby to two of those seats, if available. It never hurts to ask, and the rewards can be great. On many "full" flights I have been reassigned a seat next to the only, or one of the few, vacant seats on the entire flight.

If the first line of defense fails, all may not be lost. With luck, the middle seat might have been assigned to a small child—hopefully not one subject to long bouts of crying—whose space can be quietly encroached upon, or to a great looking chubby chaser who would cream in his jeans for the opportunity to share his space with a chubby. The latter may sound far fetched, but do not laugh. It happened to me once. I am not sure that the woman in the window seat appreciated the chubby chaser's generosity since my over-crowding problem was magically transferred to her. Of course, this situation turns out to be even more pleasurable if the chubby chaser in the middle seat happens to be a lover. Thank God for thoughtful, caring lovers.

Besides the cramped seats, there are two other aspects of commercial flights that strike terror in the hearts of some chubbies, and both are related to size. The first is the airliner lavatory which must be among the smallest rooms ever built for the inconvenience of man. Clearly, this instrument of torture is to be avoided by chubbies at almost all costs. There is, however, an obvious problem in doing so, the magnitude of the problem being directly related to the length of the flight. Yet, with proper planning and a strictly controlled intake of fluids, flights of up to four or five hours can be managed. Although I must confess that after such flights, my first thought on landing is getting to a rest room as rapidly as humanly possible. Major drawbacks of using this strategy on long flights are the physical stresses of landing with a full bladder and frequent long delays in deplaning. They give new meaning to the words "dancing in the aisles." In any case, this strategy will undoubtedly need some revision on my trip to Europe this summer, and I am already busily at work trying to master the appropriate physical laws for maneuvering such a great mass in such a small space while carrying out bodily functions that test the laws of gravity.

The other aspect is the airline tray table which is cleverly designed to drop down into your lap at mealtime and which functions adequately for most passengers. But, what happens if your lap permanently disappeared years ago

and a protruding belly threatens to hold the tray table at an angle steeper than the slopes of Mt. Everest? Possible solutions are to skip the meal—I skip airline meals whenever possible since they are not all that inviting--or to use the tray of the middle seat if you are fortunate enough to be sitting next to either an empty seat or a very understanding soul. The drawback of the latter solution is the great distance between tray and mouth and the increased possibilities of nasty embarrassing spills. Even that drawback, however, can be turned into a plus if the passenger in the middle seat who is sharing his tray table with you is your lover. A word of caution. Try not to be too obvious in groping for "dropped cake crumbs."

You can see from my confession that airline flights are not casual events for me. Each involves an elaborate battle plan designed to skirt the physical limitations in modern airliners. After years of flying, the whole thing has become a game of wits for me, and I must confess that I enjoy the game in an eerie sort of way. However, all the maneuvering and fretting would be unnecessary if engineers and designers would recognize that people come in assorted sizes and shapes. The costs would not be all that great. In any case, I must end my confession at this point since I have got to hurry out to the airport. I have just devised a great battle plan and do not want to be late for the flight.

***

THE POETRY OF ROYCE

FANTASY

Summer breath blows across fading, yellow
Grass, covering crickets and prairie dogs watching
The sun slide underground to warm the world from
Inside out.
Wind moves grass, ruffling tender
Blades as your fingers flow through
My hair.
Wind moves again, across sea-spray hair, cooling
Beads of sweat on legs, stomach, buttocks, chest.
Dew on fresh cut grass.
A damp link forms where we touch; solid
Bands as arms wrap around me.
The wind you exhale moves down my
Neck, as the ground
Grows closer and warmer and . . . .

THOUGHTS AFTER SEX

I lie in a bed of my own
Making, quaking as Poseidon's
Trident tickles my tonsils.
Looking up, I see lust, age, a
Little hair, small tits, eyes
Glazed over with thoughts of
Implanting seed.
It builds, the unwritten concerto
played on a level no *musical* instrument
Can give life to—it lives and both
Our bodies are caught.
Twin sacs empty still vital
Juices, sluicing inside, salty and hot.
I taste Alexander's dream, Achilles'
Passion, call it what you will.

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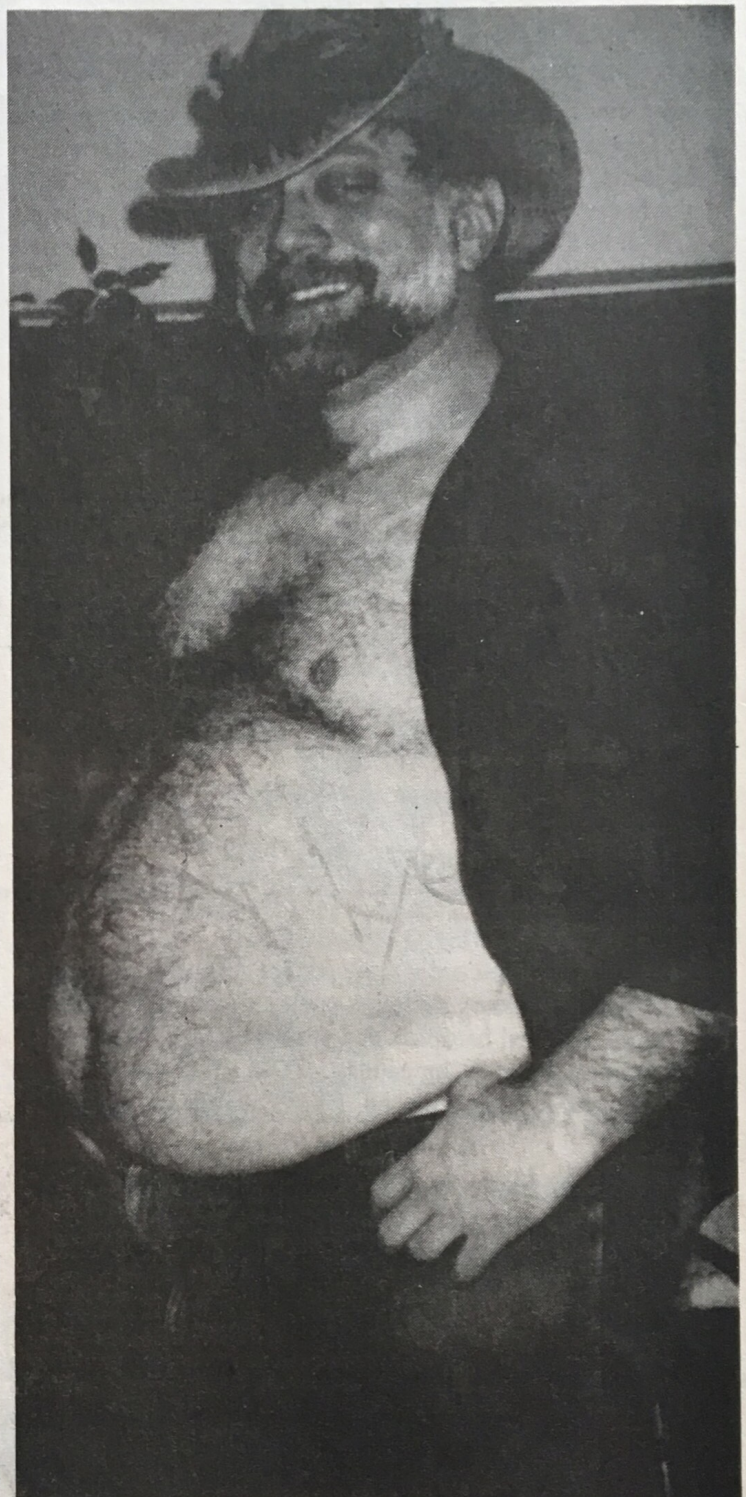

GRIZZLY . . . photo by BRUNO

KARMA . . . a poem by SYRINX

He glances at me, smiles with unbridled joy.
I wonder why no one sensed his worth, why no one needed him, felt his longing.
Did they know that I was there, somewhere, groping my way,
straining my eyes for him, sniffing the air like a coyote?
Maybe they knew that it was fated--that the search would be over soon,
the journey of two hearts ending at the point of greatest need.

BEN-DAVID '89

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ALL RESPONDERS MUST BE OVER 21. THE EXCLUSION OF AN AGE LIMITATION IN ANY AD DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN INVITATION TO MINORS. THESE ADS ARE FOR ADULTS ONLY.

ALABAMA

(B-4/90) BIRMINGHAM AREA ONLY: My buddy needs to be 55-75, average looks and body, cut cock, orally inclined, not married so we can travel. Also, theater, opera, etc. Am retired at 70, 5'-9" at 145# with 6" cut cock. Am sincere, healthy and you must be. I seek a mutual lover-companion relationship. No Greed god, hypocrite, heavy drinker or undesirable quality. We'll know when you phone Jack at 252-9327.

(G-8/90) ALABAMA/NATIONWIDE: Healthy GWM, 71, 5'-10", 220#, retired, looking for relationship. I do not drink, smoke or do drugs. Have rented 2 bedroom apartment, my furniture. Sex secondary to compatibility. All answered. Write: Charlie, P.O. Box 20538, Montgomery, AL 36120.

(P-6/90) GULF COAST OR ANYWHERE: GWM, 65, 5'-7", 168#, hairy, mesomorphic body, bald, seeks arts-oriented, bottom-oriented, masculine mate. Photos exchanged. Write: John Pettibone, Box U-1148, Mobile, AL 36688.

ARKANSAS

(D-4/90) GBM seeks friendship, relationship with masculine, mature, financially secure man. Race, age no problem. Seek hairy, endowed. I am 55, 5'-4", sincere, caring, discreet. Love home life and cooking. Reply with photo and detailed letter to: D.R.W., P.O. Box 721, Hot Springs, AR 71902.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

[Note: In last issue under headline, "LOVE ORAL," the address was printed in error. It should have read 4336, not 3446 Irving St. #3, San Francisco, CA 94122.]

(T-8/90) SACRAMENTO COUNTY BEYONDER: F.C. Algonquin, over 70, medically healthy, masculine, affectionate, endowed 7" uncut, fairly horny, nonsmoker. Loves pipe or cigar smoker. Romantic aspects: seeks friend any age, safe sex. Write: **THEO-JOS.**

(Y-4/90) SAN FRANCISCO: Healthy GWM, 74, 5'-8", 160#, HIV neg., white hair, mustache. Like movies, theatre, travel. A/P French. Love cuddling, kissing and watching Porno movies. Nonsmoker and no drugs. Like to correspond and possibly meet guys 40-60. Write with nude photo and see what happens. Write: **YELLOWTHROAT.**

(B-4/90) BAY AREA BEAR HUNTING: 37, 6', 240#. Hairy S/M bear looking for other bear playmates. Love playing hard with full grown bears, 30 to 70, 230-400#, top, bottom, or both. KONDOH and URSUS MINOR are turn-ons. Photo and phone with reply, please. Write: **S/M BEAR.**

(T-4/90) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 57, 5'-8", 160#, masculine, brown hair/eyes, hairy, 6" thick and uncut. Loves lots of cuddling and all safe sex. Not into drugs or smoking. Not racist or ageist. Hot, sensitive bubble buns love all attentions. Sincere and friendly. Hobbies include sports, music, cooking, gardening and photography. Write: Jay Thomas, P.O. Box 27012, San Francisco, CA 94127.

(C-6/90) SUBMISSIVE SEEKS HUNG DOMINANT: GWM, 56, 6'-1", 230#, masculine, tattooed, dentured. Retired and can relocate. Will gain or lose weight as required. Will do anything (romantic to hard core S/M) to please any large cock except switch roles. Write: **SUCCUBUS.**

(M-10/90) SEEK S.F. BAY AREA BUDDY FOR EARLY-RETIRMENT TOGETHERNESS: GWM, 59, 170#, blond, HIV neg., planning early retirement from high-tech profession. Need close buddy to share active, happy life of travel, good home life, nice things, togetherness in most activities, and sharing of life, body, love, good times. Desire non-smoker, light social drinker, no drugs, healthy, caring, honest, together guy. Considering living in Hawaii part time. Write: Don, P.O. Box 2323, Stanford, CA 94309.

(H-4/90) SAN FRANCISCO: GWM, 50, 5'-8", 175#, hairy chest, masculine, trimmed beard/moustache, Greek/A, French/A-P, HIV negative, nicely endowed, cut, romantic, cuddly, relationship-oriented, non-smoker, light drinker. Leisure interests include music, theater, travel, sports. Seeking masculine GWM, 50+; hairy chested preferred but not stringently required. Moderately overweight okay, but not super heavy. Prefer SF area but will respond to all letters. Photo (without nudity) appreciated. Please write to: Don

Herman, Box 54, 1475 Polk St., San Francisco, CA 94109.

(R-8/90) SON SEEKS GRANDPA: GWM, 37, 5'-10", 165#, brown hair, blue eyes, smooth, clean-cut, HIV negative, French A/P, Greek P. Seeks down-to-earth, masculine, dominant, grand-daddy, 70+ (no age limit) for friendship and more. Must be hairy chested. Write: J.R., P.O. Box 421396, San Francisco, CA 94142.

(V-8/90) SAN JOSE/BAY AREA/NATIONWIDE: Attractive Asian male, professional, 42, 5'-8", 155#, no smoke/drugs. Seeks an honest friendship/relationship with clean shaven male. More interested in compatibility and companionship, though other things would play a role. Interests: reading, cooking, traveling, conversation, quiet times at home. Please reply with phone number and photo if possible to: S.V., P.O. Box 70174, Sunnyvale, CA 94086.

(D-6/90) WANTED: BIG DADDY BEAR. Into close man 2 man action, intimacy, pumpin' dicks, tanglin' moustaches, one 2 one friendship and good lovin' fun. I'm a 36-year-old, horny n' handsome, brown-eyed bear, 6'-0" X 6" X 190#, a great kisser, good humor, a warm disposition, HIV + and healthy, employed and successful. Lookin' for a beefy silver bear, 40+ to ?, proud of his cock and hairy body and wants a good solid romantic horny man to share the best with. Photos a must. Yours get mine and all serious answered. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 1951, Mill Valley, CA 94942.

(M-6/90) ACTIVE ORAL SEX WANTED: by HIV negative W/M oral passives. Doug (51) is tall and thin. George (50) is tall and heavy. Regular servicing or lover. Write: George/Doug, P.O. Box 282, Fulton, CA 95439.

(A-4/90) W.G.M. YOUNG 67: 5'-7", gray/green, trim 150#. Interested in home, theatre, reading, painting, dining out, walking, talking. You: Caring, loving, affectionate, sincere, sensitive person interested in friendship. Might become lasting relationship. Prefer 60-80, but aware age not most important factor. Am retired, sincere, financially secure, living in beautiful resort community. Possibly relocate or commute for right person. Please write: Ed, Box 154, 655 Morro Bay Blvd., Morro Bay, CA 93442.

(R-4/90) S.F./EAST BAY: Confident, mellow, mature at 36 black man, 5'-10", 170#, impressively endowed, enjoys entertaining mature, large-bodied men. I have mellow music, a quiet private apartment and massage talent also. Write: L.R., P.O. Box 7441, Oakland, CA 94601.

(O-6/90) GLORY HOLES? SF area. Do you know a department store, rest stop, public restroom, diner, restaurant or mall with a glory hole? Hunky, 40-year-old, GWM, 6', 195#, broad shoulders, hairy pecs, HIV negative, wants to exchange information. Also interested in discreet daytime meeting with stocky gray/balding men, 40-80. Write: **BO**

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

(S-4/90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: 50, 6'-3", 210#, blue eyes, brown/grey hair, hairy chest, masculine, A/P French, A/ Greek, discreet. Would like to meet, correspond, exchange photos with medium to husky built men, 45-70. Interests include: sports, movies, music, travel and photography. Travel a great deal on business, so possible to meet near you. Photo appreciated. Hairy chest preferred but not necessary. Write: **MANZANITA.**

(V-4/90) LONG BEACH SAGITTARIAN: GWM, 51, 5'-7", stocky, hairy, blond/grey. Look like and identify with RAM's cover of CHIRON RISING. Seek GWM who is younger, shorter, somewhat stocky, clean shaven, some body hair and doesn't drink or do drugs. Write: John Veith, 119 Orange Ave. #10, Long Beach, CA 90802.

(M-12/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY/BURBANK ROMANTIC: Mostly/mainly top seeks passive over 40. Am aggressive but gentle, 58, 6', 205#, 6 3/4" uncut, strong, hairy and into heavy kissing. Prefer hairy, under 6', under 7". Fone J/O and in person. Write: L.O., Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(S-6/90) ORANGE COUNTY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 62, 5'-7", 180#, gray hair/beard, ex-professional athlete, seeks a real top, any age/race for friendship and more. I'm pretty basic—not much into gourmet cooking and the arts, but I appreciate those who are. Write: **DARRYL.**

(B-6/90) RELATIONSHIP ORIENTATED/NATIONWIDE: Attractive, masculine GWM, 6', 160#, brown/brown, moustache, HIV negative, 61 (looks younger), straight acting, cultured, domestic, sexually versatile, seeks white, tall, lean, literate, very masculine, well hung, authoritative gentleman over 60. Retired career military, epicure are pluses. Happy to relocate with right person. Write: Buckalew, 10622 Frances Ave., Garden Grove, CA 92643.

(B-10/90) SAN FERNANDO VALLEY SON, CALL YOUR DAD! Don't you think it's about time we messed around and spent some time together....eh, dude? Call: George (50, 5'-9", 210#) - (818) 881-5024.

(W-4/90) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-10", 185#, hairy nonsmoker, light drinker, salt-pepper bearded, stocky, balding, nudist bottom, A/P French, cut. Seeking slimmish, younger, any race for long term monogamous relationship. Relocation in Southwest possible. Loyal, loving, sharing. Your letter, nude photo/phone gets mine. No inmates. Write: Gene, P.O. Box 74150, Los Angeles, CA 90004.

(L-6/90) SAN DIEGO COUNTY: Affection, intimacy, A/P French, quality caring 63, 5'-6", 127#, trim, good-looking, blue eyes, hairy, cut, moustache, health-oriented diet/lifestyle, no tobacco, alcohol, drugs, educated. Write: B.D.L., Suite #113, 103 N. Highway 101, Encinitas, CA 92024.

(F-4/90) DESERT HOT SPRINGS: GWM, youthful, 64, 195#, 5'-11", Fr A/P, HIV negative, seeks monogamous relationship with healthy, compatible other. Write: **VERIDIQUE.**

(S-2/91) I'VE GOT BALLS! 64-year-old hunk, 6', 185#, salt and pepper hair, brown eyes, clean shaven, moderately hairy, well hung, seeks eager oral experts to drain me dry and then some. Any age or race is fine. I have no top/bottom hangups but I'll respect yours. Southern California preferred but will answer all. Write: KSS, P.O. Box 1501, Pomona, CA 91769.

(W-4/90) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Black male, bi, married, 44, 5'-10", 185#, clean shaven, healthy, bottom, cut. Seeking discreet, intimate, creative friendships with guys 45+,

any race. I do not smoke or use drugs. Not into S/M. Write: **NIPPLES.**

(B-4/90) ITALIAN GWM, OVER 75: Slender, healthy, masculine-appearance, very affectionate, endowed (7") uncut, non-smoker, loves kissing, hugging, home type intimacy, seeks lover living in San Diego. Must be over 250# and about 50. Pug nose a plus. Safe sex. Call (619) 291-8966.

(N-6/90) W/M, 55+ SOUGHT BY W/M, 30, 5'-7", 170#: Will relocate on your terms to share life as friend and lover. Life is just too hard for me alone anymore. I need someone to love and be loved by. I have simple dreams and goals made difficult by loneliness. Please take a chance on me. I might just fill the void in your life, too. Trade pics. Write: Steve N., P.O. Box 2263, Redondo Beach, CA 90278.

(C-6/90) SANTA PAULA AND NATIONWIDE: GWM, 40, 6'-4", 280#, brown eyes/ hair/ beard/ moustache, clean cut, masculine, fun loving, HIV negative, straight appearing, likes movies, theatre, etc. Seeks mature top man over 40 for friendship/relationship. Honest, a plus. Write: A. Coppola, 407 Leavens Court, Santa Paula, CA 93060, or call (805) 933-1635.

(R-4/90) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE HOT AND HORNY: GWM, semi-retired, 62, 5'-8", 195#, muscular, masculine, very healthy, vibrant, brown hair, hazel eyes, hung thick & uncut. I'm a soon-to-be C-R model who needs the company of other seniors, preferably over 60, but will go younger if mature-looking enough. Can be hooked by the right person. Visitors welcome. All letters with photos answered. Your nude photo gets mine. Write: Larry R. Rose, 377 Mel Ave. #1, Palm Springs, CA 92262, or call (619) 320-3264.

COLORADO

(J-10/90) COLORADO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, mid-50s, healthy, masculine, professional, balding gray, 5'-8", 140, thick 7" uncut, looking for self-sufficient, sincere, masculine, younger man who needs the guidance and affection an older man can provide. Interest in music and cooking a plus. Sense of humor and seeker of good times a must. Smoking, alcohol and some kink okay. Like massage and nudism. Looking for possible relationship, not a penpal. Photo appreciated. Write: Bob, 4 Studio Pl., Colorado Springs, CO 80904. (719) 632-8909.

(B-4/90) COLORADO/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 62, 5'-7", 200#, brown/grey, blue, glasses, 6" cut, 46" hairy chest/belly, pecs, clean-shaven, masculine, clean, presentable, pipe smoker, affectionate, congenial, versatile, discreet, retired professional, travel/host. Like porn, puzzles, petting, French A/P. Seek correspondence/meeting with clean, amiable, honest, mature gentlemen. No beard/rough stuff. Photo. Write: Jimbo, 8356 W. 90th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80021.

CONNECTICUT

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(K-6/90) CONNECTICUT: GWM, 46, 150#, 5'-6", seeks long term relationship with young, dominant construction worker type. Prefer dark haired, with lots of body hair and who is A/P Greek. Race, looks not important. Write: Nate K., Box 1319, Broad St. Sta., Manchester, CT 06040.

FLORIDA

(B-4/90) CENTRAL FLORIDA-U.S. 27/441: Couple, 66, 6'-1",155# and 64, 5'-7", 140#. Singles or couples 35+ for friendship and/or sex on a one to one basis welcome to our home located 8 miles north of Leesburg, 23 miles south of Ocala. No drugs, S & M, freeloaders or collect calls. Write: Jim, P.O. Box 602, Lady Lake, FL 32659. Phone: (904) 753-2857.

(G-10/90) NATIONWIDE: Retired gentleman past 60, Miami area, 5'-7", 150#, brown/gray, seeks serious MAN, 25 to 45, masculine, slender, to share home. I am loving, dedicated, stable, and enjoy movies, boating, cooking, travel. Prefer nonsmoker. Foto and describe yourself. Write: C-R Reader, P.O. Box 610191, North Miami, FL 33181.

(B-4/90) TAMPA/CENTRAL FLORIDA: GWM, 55, 5'-8 1/2", 170#. I'm married, gay and new to the Tampa area. I'm looking for other gay guys preferably married (but not necessary) for dining out, having a few drinks and oral sex—not necessarily in that order. I like guys 21-81. Not into dope or S.M. Drop me a line with picture if possible and how to contact. Will answer all. Write: A. Brown, P.O. Box 935, Crystal Springs, FL 33524.

(C-4/90) FLORIDA-NATIONWIDE: Daddy Bear, 49, 5'-8", tall, hairy, 6" cut, shaved balls. Varied tastes: sons, cubs, chubs, no prejudices. Very Fr A/P, tits, balls, nudity, mild kink. Photo, please. Write: **PLEASURE CHEST.**

(B-2/91) ONE GOOD MAN: 52-year-old, white male, attractive, muscular, stocky, 5'-8", 185#, masculine, former college football halfback. Looking for a masculine top man, boss type, for great sex and friendship. I know how to make you feel good. Call (813) 471-2562 (Sebring, FL) or write: **KARL.**

(G-6/90) SARASOTA COUNTY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 61, 5'-10-1/2", brown/brown, seeking honest, sincere, white male, 35-65, for friendship and one to one relationship. I am non-smoker and social drinker. Have lots of love to offer. Write with photo please to: Virgo, 262 Willowick Way, Venice, FL 34293-4036.

(C-4/90) HUGS AND KISSES WANTED: Ft. Lauderdale GWM, 59, 165#, 5'-9", balding, gray. Looking for loving, affectionate, caring man who enjoys quiet home life, theatre, movies, etc. Prefer non-smoker. No drugs. Age and looks not of great importance, but sincerity and honesty is. Photo and phone to: G.M.C., P.O. Box 6623, Station 9, 2210 S.E. 17th St., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316.

C-R NEEDS YOUR HELP: in getting out the word in Florida. We need the names and mailing addresses of gay and adult bookstores in the vicinity of senior population centers. We also need subscriber volunteers to call on store managers and urge them to carry C-R for Florida seniors. Land us a new bookstore and we'll give you a free one year extension to your subscription. Write for details.

GEORGIA

(P-6/90) FATHER TYPE WANTED: (emotional, not financial) GWM, Dutch/American, 48 years old, 6'-2", 220#, semi-retired professional, financially independent, bilingual, greyish hair, smoke, drink socially, discreet, enjoy excellent way of living. Looking for a man's man, father type, hairy, stocky (not fat), 50-65 years old, boardroom-type, stable. Also, HIV negative, discreet and not afraid of mixed society and small talk once in a while. Likes to enjoy life with somebody in a healthy and honest way and not afraid to improvise on sexual behavior for the time being. Please write letter and send photo with clothes on. Not interested in the meat market, because there should always be some fantasy and romance left. Write: **OSPREY**

(S-6/91) YOUNGER THE BETTER (over 18): GWM, 60, 5'-6 1/2", 215#, seeks lover of gray haired, loveable, cuddly chubby. I love all races but prefer young, slim, sexy, affectionate Asian, Black, Latin. Gentle sex only. Travel anywhere extensively. Send photo. Write: **FPS**

(N-6/90) ATLANTA/SOUTHEAST: WM, semi-retired exec, 58, 6'-3", 235#, financially secure, healthy, happy, affectionate. I enjoy quiet home life, good company, music, food, travel and other good things in life. Seeking a career oriented young man who would enjoy sharing some of these things. Drop me a note with your photo telling me about yourself, your dreams and ambitions. Write: **CHANDELA.**

ILLINOIS

(P-6/90) CHICAGO DAD SEEKS SON: GWM, 55, 5'-10", 155#, greying, moustache, professional, seeks son/lover relationship. No drugs, nonsmoker preferred—self supporting, to share bed with right person, cuddle, safe sex, J/O, video, travel. Blacks a plus. Sincere only. Send photo, phone number to: **EAGLE.**

(L-8/90) HORSE WANTED: GWM, 6'-1 1/2", 200#, lanky 62 year old wants a 220# +, strong, heavyset playmate, any age, to horseplay, mutually pump iron, Nautilus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex, etc. with me. Reward is my good pec, tit, nipple play, etc. Write: John Lange, P.O. Box 1395, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

(M-4/90) CHICAGO FISHERMAN: WM, 46, 5'-9", 185#, fishing for very chubby to fat guy, 50 to 70 for J/O sessions, maybe more. No Greeking. Love to fish, watch sports and chubby videos on TV. Live alone. Gentle and honest, work weeknights. Life is too short. Let's enjoy each other. Call (312) 725-1871, or write: **FISHINGNUT.**

(H-8/90) GRIZZLY OF C.R. SEEKS OTHER BEARS: GWM, 40, 320#, 6'-3", hairy, bearded, seeks other masculine bears (REBEL II, JACK EDWARDS, THE COLONEL) for loving. Actively seeking relationship. You: Hairy, 30-60 years old, affectionate and smart. Into cuddling, heavy tit work and deep kissing. Nuturing and sense of humor important as well.

INDIANA

(H-10/90) SOUTH BEND/NORTHERN INDIANA: GWM professional, 53, 5'-10", 150#, blue eyes, light brown hair, clean-shaven and attractive, 6" and cut, 32" waist, body smooth and well proportioned, health excellent. gentle affectionate manner, open and responsive. Enjoy cycling-swimming-music, moderate drinker and smoker. Safe sex important, but all forms agreeable, warmly considerate of the other's needs. Looking for sincere discreet younger friend and lover 20-40, with similar build and tastes, local or nearby, to visit and explore feelings together. Your pleasure is truly mine. Casual or deeper relationship, both welcome. Write: William Hunt, 1224 North Lawrence St., South Bend, IN 46617, or call: (219) 287-6954.

IOWA

(M-4/90) WESTERN IOWA: WM, 48, 5'-8", 220#, brown hair, blue eyes, muscular, hairy, masculine, strong & silent type—into sports, travel. Seeking 55-70, stocky, masculine, hairy nonsmokers—preferably in Midwest. Write: **WOLVERINE.**

KENTUCKY

(W-6/90) CALLING ALL COCKSUCKERS: GWM, 72, 5'-11", 160#, cut, looking for kindred spirits young and old, likes cocks, kissing, cuddling warm male bodies in and out of bed. Can travel to meet you. Write: Jim Wilson, P.O. Box 1767, Lexington, KY 40593, or call (606) 272-7193.

MARYLAND

(S-4/90) BALTIMORE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-8", 180, travels all over U.S. on business. Seeks friends/penpals from all over for possible meetings. All answered, but especially interested in men over 45 (who look it). Medium to stocky, hairy, gray/white/salt & pepper/balding, facial hair, all turn-ons. Phone and photo please. Will be in New England April/May 1990, and Hawaii & Michigan Summer 1990. Please, no married closet cases or J/O letter fantasy fanatics. Write: Richard, P.O. Box 7446, Baltimore, MD 21227.

(L-8/90) HEAVY GENTLE MEN: Bi Asian male, 6'-1", 188#, 39, gentle, kind, honest, dark hair/eyes, smooth skin, loves light classical/pop music, reading, conversations. Seeks friendship with heavy, big bellied, gentle, friendly, honest men age 45 to ?, any race, who love hugging, touching, tit play and safe sex. Uncut a plus, but not necessary. Photo appreciated. Write: **SGP.**

MASSACHUSETTS

(C-4/90) MASSACHUSETTS/NATIONWIDE: Asian male, 35, 5'-9", 160# professional, athletic build, masculine. Likes sports, travel, foods, theatre. Seeks interesting and adventuresome GWM, over 45, who is spirited, creative, and

independent acting. A plus if you are blond/grey hair, fit, Fr A/P, thick uncut, hot tits. OK if none of the above, if you can be friendly, humorous, a gentleman, masculine and can enjoy a nice massage. Write: **PAGODA.**

MICHIGAN

(Q-6/90) MICHIGAN/NATIONWIDE: Seeking young men, 25-40, who are healthy, masculine, mature, honest, who like to cuddle, kiss, Fr AS/P. I'm GWM, 62, 5'-10", 165#, into travel, videos, gardening, sports, exercise and more. Photo appreciated. Write: Jack, P.O. Box 11, Carrollton, MI 48724.

(S-8/90) YOUNGER MAN SEEKS OLDER CHUBBY: WM, 29, 5'-7", 150#, brown hair/eyes, mustache, hairy body, thick 6" X 6" cut, clean, very affectionate, masculine. Seeks older chubby man for friendship and good sex. Prefer 55-75, over 200#, grey or white hair, balding, beards, mustaches, pipe or cigar smokers, nice round buns, men under 5'-7". Please send photo to: M.G.S., P.O. Box 9312, Livonia, MI 48150.

MISSOURI

(H-4/90) KANSAS CITY AREA: GWM, 39, 6', 168#, brown hair, blue eyes. This very nice man is looking for a one to one but can entertain visitors. I'm a sexy, loving, Greek active, French A/P, very clean and HIV negative. Interests include painting, antiques, restoring houses and automobiles. Excellent cook, fine housekeeper, model railroader and quilt restorer. Looking for a 40+ nice guy. Prefer heavy / stocky / hairy type, but not necessary. Please write and send photo. I'll do the same. Write: **REDDY.**

NEW JERSEY

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27: NJ, NY, PA or CT man of any race who wants to meet a 6'-3", 245#, 51 year old, white-haired, sensual, WM sage. You'd get tender loving sex as you like it and knowledge of the world and your place in it. I have a place and can afford our travel and entertainment. Write: **OWL III.**

(G-12/90) MASCULINE SUBMISSIVE: BiWM, 5'-11", 165#, 61-year-old, athletic, dark brown/balding. Very affectionate, intelligent, loyal friend. Wide range of interests: cultural, scientific, spiritual, intellectual, sexual, psycho-sexual. HIV negative, Greek/P. Into mind control. Ken - (201) 592-6690 evenings or weekends.

(C-4/90) TRAVELLING BEAR SEEKING MAY/JUNE STOPOVERS: Adventurous, newly sexagenariated, Vandyked, unendowed, non-smoking, skinhead motoring about May to South Texas, probably via Pittsburgh, Detroit, Kenosha, then meandering southerly and returning via Atlanta, Kentucky, Maryland. Enjoy all types including undefined, unendowed, effeminate. Attitude important, NOT looks, color, religion, height, weight, wealth. Time short; firming route, so call now! Call Nate Sojourner, (201) 364-2595, late night/weekend rate. I'll call back my expense; you'll interview me.

(Z-8/90) NEW JERSEY/NYC: 60, 5'-10", 210#, blue eyes, grey/blond hair, professional classical musician with good sense of humor. I'm caring and affectionate. If you're between 40 and 55, sensitive and intelligent, I would hope to hear from you. Write: **ART.**

NEW MEXICO

(M-8/90) NATIONWIDE/SOUTHWEST: Lonely in small, rural, closeted area. Will exchange letters, photos, porn videos, JO ideas, hot phone calls. I am 62, 5'-7", 135#, wirey, outdoor tan, prefer men 50+ with same interests. No permanent commitments, just gentle love. Include phone number for fast reply. Write: EL PAISANO.

NEW YORK

(R-6/90) NEW YORK CITY/N.E. CONNECTICUT: GWM, 47 years, 220#, 6'-0", wants to meet and service GWM, 60+, uncut. I'm looking for men who like to be sucked and eaten, front and rear. W/S, Scat, turn me on. Write: F.R., Box 528, 70A Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011.

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(C-8/90) YOUNGER GUYS: are what I'm into, along with theatre, music, cooking and swimming. This personable Village guy would like to meet you. Write: **BRAD.**

(D-2/91) SEEK 40+ TOPMAN: 42 year old Italian bottom, hairy, moustache, 185#, 5'-11", looking to please masculine older topman with hot (safe) sex and lots of affection. Attitude more important than looks or stats. Your photo gets mine. Photos returned. Write: **DRONGO.**

(L-8/90) SHARE A PAIR IN NYC OR FAIRFIELD COUNTY: Junior is 50, 5'-11", 180#, balding with close cropped pepper & salt beard, plus 8" thick uncut. Senior is 70, 6', 187#, silver fox hair, 6" cut. Have no age, ethnic or color hangups. Just seeking manly, well-endowed (hairy a plus), versatile partners who are Fr/Gr A/P guys. We're successful professionals who enjoy the good life. Photo/phone a must! Write: J.R., Box 25, Georgetown, CT 06829.

(W-4/90) HAIRLESS PENIS WANTS HAIRLESS PENIS: Poor 48-year-old, white, 6', 150#, 7" uncut, has permanently hairless cock, wants well-situated daddy with hairless (shaved, neeted, plucked, permdepped—permanently depilated— or buffed) cock. Write: **BALDCOCK.**

(H-4/90) NEW YORK-NORTHEAST: Affectionate, 50-year-old GWM seeks older men. Educated, professional, liking: music, fine arts, sports, nature. I'm 5'-11", portly, hairy. Photo appreciated. Some travel. All replies answered. Write: **HONEYCREEPER.**

(R-6/90) DADDY WANTED IN NYC: Latin boy, white, healthy, clean shaven, 5'-4", 130#, 41, fit, hairy, uncut, seeks top, bearded, dominant, yet warm Daddy for safe, erotic kink. Relationship. No cigarettes. Write: **D.W.**

(M-6/90) WNY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 5'-7", 185 (and losing), healthy, clean, HIV negative, 8" X 6-1/4" uncut. I honestly love older men. I'm French A/P, Greek/A (virgin to P). Nude photo, if possible. Write: Roger Maynard, 2854 Marshall Road, Medina, NY 14103.

(R-4/90) EVERY NOW AND THEN **an authentic young** man comes around to share the joys and pleasures of sex, kissing and cuddling with those of experienced age. If you are older than 50, wouldn't you love to indulge yourself in those pleasures with an affectionate, athletic and successful 5'-8", 155#, 27-year-old GWM? Write to: Rick, P.O. Box 8258, F.D.R. Station, New York, NY 10150-1917.

(B-6/90) NEW YORK/SUFFOLK COUNTY: WM, 59, athletic, 6', 170#, professional, masculine, youthful, sincere. Interested in films, beach, travel, antiques, working out. Seeks safe relationship with someone 30-45, slim, masculine, athletic, caring. No smoking, drugs, phonies. Photo appreciated. Write: **GYRO.**

NORTH CAROLINA

(P-4/90) NATIONWIDE: WRITE ME IN N.C. GWM, 38, 5'-8", blond, green eyes, handsome and heavy, healthy, witty, humorous, cut 7", loving. Seeking cut G or Bi/W/M, 50+, wanting correspondence to develop friendships that may lead to companionship and sex. I enjoy French A/P, mutual JO, sex stories, holding, cuddling, kissing, feeling your body, music, art, theater, gardening and entertaining. Perfection not required, honesty is! I'm a discreet hospitality management professional, securing my financial future. My fetishes are balding black to gray hair, stocky, some body hair, executive or western casual clothes, occasional cigar, and nylon dress socks. Remember though, a fetish is like icing on a cake . . . it just makes a good thing better! Photo please. Write: M.S. Patton, 729 Ideal Way, Charlotte, NC 28203.

(H-4/90) SEEK OLDER LOVER who lives in Deep South or is ready to move there now. I'm 62, 5'-10", 150#, uncut, Greek active. Prefer uncut cuddly chubby who is submissive in bedroom. Like Scottie dogs, C/W dancing, books, gardening. My photo was in Oct-Nov 89 Issue. Tom Horner, 803 E. Fourth, Greenville, NC 27858.

(P-6/90) WANTED: Retired gent to rent room, modest rent. Someone to pal around with. Write: Harper, P.O. Box 2532, Wilson, NC 27893.

OHIO

(D-6/90) OHIO/NATIONWIDE: Retired business executive, GWM, 65, 6'-1", 205 hairy pounds, seeks potential lover to reside Lake Erie area of Ohio during the summers and warm climates in winter. Very flexible. Boats, sports, music, travel, love. Write: Tom Dolson, P.O. Box 1226, Cuyahoga Falls, OH 44223, or call (216) 929-7225.

OREGON

(D-8/90) CHOOSE BETWEEN TWO NORTH-WESTERNERS: 52, healthy, masculine, affectionate, horny, non-smoker, stocky frame, clean-shaven, hairy chested, professional and clean, seeks young, virile, sensual man who prefers my type. Enclose photo. Write: Sandy, P.O. Box 775, Portland, OR 97207 - **OR** - other seeks mature men for hot tubbing or massaging. Have indoor hot tub. Call Sandy, (503) 223-1679, or write same P.O. Box, c/o Sandy.

PENNSYLVANIA

(H-6/90) WANTED: 18-27. See New Jersey.

(C-6/90) ERIE GAY LOOKING FOR LIFE MATE: I'm 34, 5'-10", 295#, black hair, brown eyes, beard, seeks to meet that special man. Aggressive, butch, masculine men are a Plus. I love tit play, cuddling and lots of French. Forget Greek. Masculine only. Can you relocate? Call Tom at (814) 899-0202 - Leave message. Or write: Tom Chaney, Box 7048, Erie, PA 16510. Let's exchange photos. Take a chance.

RHODE ISLAND

(J-4/90) CHUBBIES WANTED: GWM, 61, wants to meet chubby guys, over 250, any age to 75. Send photo to: Richard Judge, 460 Charles St., Apt. 1011, Providence, RI 02904.

TEXAS

(T-6/90) COWTOWN COWBOY: White, blue, brown/gray, 54, 5'-11", 185#, businessman, horseman, masculine, weightlifter, HIV negative; likes white, over 40, masculine goodnatured buddy. Must be in good physical shape and clean. Not looking for lifemate but want to meet lots of new friends. I like sports, country-western big bands, classical, travel and good conversation. All replies answered. Those with phone/photo get extra quick service. Truckers, travelers welcome. Write: **BULLFROG.**

(B-6/90) NORTH TEXAS: GWM, 43, stocky, nice looking, French only or J/O with masculine men late 50s up—no limit! Especially like white hair and/or moustaches or beards. Live with 81 year old lover--three ways fun too! Dallas-Ft. Worth area or travelers to Dallas. Both HIV negative. Love theater, good restaurants, congenial friends. Non smokers—social drinkers. Write: J. Bennett, P.O. Box 850511, Richardson, TX 75085-0511.

(H-10/90) HOUSTON/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 35, 5'-9", 160#, green/brown, handsome, sensitive, sincere and honest. Enjoys theatre, dining out, quiet evenings at home, tennis, scuba and skiing. Seeks friendship/relationship with 45-65, masculine, romantic who loves to cuddle. Prefer average to stocky (heavyset) build. Hairy and over 5'-10" a plus. Please submit a photo with correspondence. Write: **ANGEL.**

(G-2/91) HOUSTON, TEXAS: GWM, 47, 5'-8", 145#, smoker, non-drinker, easy-going, articulate, cuddly, *luvable*, seeking similar or older for sex partner/caring, intimate relationship. Write: J.G., 7211 Ilex St., Houston, TX 77012.

(I-2/91) YOUNG IN EAST TEXAS: Writer/ professional GWM, 28 years, single, trim, dark hair and eyes, 5'-7", 155#, loves country/western and rock, non-smoker, social drinker, HIV negative; seeks older, hairy man 40+ of the REBEL II type (but all inquiries welcome). Drop me a line and we'll see what cums up. But! Sex is secondary, emotions first. Write: **ROYCE.**

UTAH

(C-10/90) SILVER BEAR: GWM, 67, 5'-11", 185#, silver crew cut hair and crop beard, salt/pepper stache, hairy, beer belly, 6-1/2 X fat 5-1/2 inches, SWAN/CHIRON RISING model. Welcum mat out for 21 to? Love to share the pleasures of the male body. Photo exchange for this hot, horny, hairy dude. Write: **GULL**

WASHINGTON

(B-8/90) VISITING PACIFIC NORTHWEST/BRITISH COLUMBIA? Stay in neat, two-bedroom, fully-furnished house in park-like setting in Blaine, Washington. Full details: Contact Mike/Richard, P.O. Box 1348, Blaine, WA 98230 or call (206) 332-4319.

WEST VIRGINIA

(J-6/90) DEEP IN RURAL AMERICA: Lonely farmer, 40, brown/brown, beard, 190#, orally attracted to 30 thru 85+. Looks, physical condition and cock size are unimportant. Friends and partners wanted. Mid-morn phone calls only. Write: Chuck Jackson, R-83, Box 68, Ellenboro, WV 26346.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: International ads with codewords require 45 cents per 1/2 oz on letter to be forwarded)

(C-4/90) FROM CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA: WHERE ARE YOU, DAD? Shy, inexperienced, considerate, not bad looking, educated Oriental male in late 20s with small, uncut tool desires a sincere relationship with a Dad. Looking for white, 45+, over 5'-8", heavy set, clean, healthy, drug-free, non-smoking, gentle yet firm, straight acting, respectable father. Someone that I can look up to and learn from. Someone I can truly respect. I want to be loved unconditionally and will return the same. Enjoy photos, VHS videos and masturbation. Discretion important. Absolutely no money involved. Photos appreciated. Write: **LONELY IN CANADA**

(C-6/90) ASIAN MALE, 36, SOLIDLY BUILT: Wants to hear from stocky men worldwide. Will travel or exchange visits. Letter and photo to: John Chan, GPO Box 3914, Hong Kong.

(J-6/90) DESPERATELY WANTED: Copies of all SWAN videos and other videos with older men. Heavy and over 60 preferred. Can buy only. I'm Dutch (40+). Write: **JACOB**

LATE ARRIVING ADS

(M-4/90) CHUBBY SILVER FOX WANTED: Oriental, 42, attractive, sincere professional, seeks chubby, gray-haired white older man, over 60. Like to cuddle, kiss . . . . HIV negative. Expose your sexy body to hot sun and me in Hawaii. Write to me with photo: Ken Miura, 311 Ohua St. #305 E, Honolulu, HI 96815.

(H-4/90) LONELY CONSTRUCTION TRAVELER: GWM, 55, 6'0", 250#. Like big older men, especially uncut. Am working areas of Laughlin and Las Vegas, Nevada; Bakersfield, San Bernardino, California; Parker and Bullhead City, Arizona. Like to visit Death Valley at Tecopa Hot Springs on weekends. Seeking lasting relationships with congenial friends. Have little time for writing but will telephone all who furnish telephone numbers. Write: J.B., P.O. Box 13624, Tucson, AZ 85745.

(O-6/90) PASADENA: Virgin, 31-year-old, G/P, F/A WM in excellent shape, seeks patient, understanding old gentleman, 60+, trim, clean for first time relationship. Phone & photo if possible. Write: **NEW**

(D-4/90) KENNY ROGERS LOOK-ALIKE: GWM, 48, 5'-11", 300 lbs, affectionate, humorous, good listener. Like nature, flea markets, old movies. Don't smoke, drink. Seeks friendship and more. Write: Books, Box 627, Brooklyn, NY 11202.

(W-4/90) WEST COAST/NATIONWIDE: Seeks men who like lots of loving, touch, hugging and safe sex for mutual sharing and enjoyment. I am retired, 58, 5'-8", trim 160#, blond/blue, non-smoker, Greek A/P, French P. Enjoy outdoors, ski, swim, theatre, movies, sharing. Can travel. Photo appreciated. Write: Bill W., P.O. Box 387, Clackamas, OR 97015 (Portland Area).

(J-2/91) VANCOUVER, BC: Retired, 65, 6'-2", 180#, gray hair and moustache, sexually enthusiastic, would like to correspond with and eventually meet other mature, heavy-set guys. I enjoy travelling, bridge and opera. Write: **HIRONDELLE**

(E-4/90) GOOD TIMES: 48, 5'-10", 150#, clean shaven. Mutual satisfaction. Big balls, nice tits. Photos exchanged. Work 4 pm to 12. Call or write: Bob Elliott, 3073 Blaine St., Miami, FL 33133 or (305) 854-1328.

(K-4/90) LAS VEGAS/SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: WM, 57, 5'-6", 170#, salt & pepper fringe, hairy, semi-retired corporate head, outdoorsman, masculine, muscular, widower. Likes traveling, prospecting, sports, dining out. Looking for mature-minded, friendly, healthy, sincere WM for companionship and more. Not too experienced in male/male relationships, but willing to learn with right person. Write with photo to: **SKIPPER**

(S-4/90) CHUBBIES WANTED: Black male, 5'-8", 150#, 37 years old, interested in hearing from super chubbies in Washington, D.C. and Virginia area. Ideal mate would be 5'-9" to 6', 300# and over. Wide rear and big balls are a plus. Recent nude photo requested but not required. Ad is open to all chubbies, any weight. Will answer anyone that replies. Write: S.R., P.O. Box 6782, Richmond, VA 23230.

LETTER FROM LONDON
by George P. Solomos

THE THATCHER FACTOR

Lord Mountbatten was unceremoniously given the heave-ho from a small fishing boat off the west coast of Ireland a few years ago by none other than the Irish Republican Army. An assassination of this magnitude, which overshadowed the failed IRA attempt on the life of Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher herself at the Conservative Party Convention in Blackpool in 1984, should have been treated as a major, catastrophic scandal by the world's news media—especially by the notorious Yellow Press here in Great Britain, who fully support the hard line, shoot-to-kill military intervention employed to contain the ongoing insurrection in Northern Ireland over the past 20 years. However, in this particular instance, "Old Monty"—no less a hero of World Wars I and II, a first cousin to Queen Elizabeth II, a direct descendent of the Royal German Battenberg Dynasty—was considered by many to have been a homosexual. Mountbatten's death was duly reported in front page stories both here and abroad, but the full story was considerably watered-down and virtually white-washed.

The hypocrisy of this event was mainly due to to the fact that, in this country, establishment WASPs are given exclusive sanctuary from detection and prosecution by the *Official Secrets Act* enacted in 1911 (ostensibly to protect British inventions and patents from "foreign pirates"). To this day the *Act* is applied to cover up a multitude of sins—notably buggery (i.e. sodomy) in high places—as might be deemed necessary for National Security (i.e. "self-interest"). Here is where the Thatcher Factor has come fully into practice. In the case of Lord Mountbatten—God rest his soul—the true story was *buried*.

Thatcher happens to be one of those middle-class, upward-mobile English women who staunchly abide by the most rigid Victorian attitudes towards morality and sex: fucking is for making babies, *only*! And forget abortions. Any other sexual practices—particularly the unmentionable sorts like those between consenting adults of the same sex—should be *burned* or *buried*, as in the case of Oscar Wilde at the turn of the century (not that it mattered much because, to the English, he was merely an *Irishman*, after all) or like the more recent case of Lord Mountbatten. If you are a card carrying establishment WASP in this country, the golden rule remains: under no circumstances let the truth come out in the open. Hence the stigmata: "Perfidious Albion."

Thatcher actually comes off like a frustrated, closeted nymphomaniac. She bosses her Parliamentary cabinet members as though she were a bull terrier in a garden of pansies. *Growl, growl*! Any mention of sodomy—let alone cocksucking—and she shrieks up the wall, "*Burn the cottages* (i.e. gents' toilets)!" [*Almost all gents' public toilets have been demolished throughout Greater London. Those left open at main railway terminals—Victoria, King's Cross, Paddington, Charing Cross, etc.—have been renovated with t.v.-electronic bugging devices.*] It seems that "poofs" (i.e. the cockney euphemism for "faggot") are Thatcher's greatest enemies, if not competitors, for the hearts, minds and Rent-Boy bodies of all English men. Coupled with this homophobic affliction, she has a voracious loathing for the Welsh (because the Tory opposition Labour Party candidate, Neil Kinnock, is Welsh), the Irish (because they get arms supplied to fight the Brits from Libya) and at the top of her hate list are the Scots (because they have their own sex laws).

Ever since the early 1980s birth of the NSP (National Scottish Party), which demanded devolution (i.e. seceding from the UK as an independent country—like Latvia from Russia), Thatcher has been after the Scots like a witch hunter. Only a few days ago she managed to "bust" five (out of 24) high court judges in Scotland for "suspection of homosexual practices." As a result, efforts have been made to update Scotland's only joke ("*Is anything worn under the Kilt? Och, no, it's all in purrfect working order*"). The new joke invokes conversation between two judges in Edinburgh: "*What do you usually give those homosexual fellows, Hector?*" "*Och, about ten bob* (about 75 cents) *if they're any good.*"

Once in office, Thatcher initiated obscenity laws that only Hitler's Third Reich would have dreamed of trying to impose. Anyone's mail can be opened, inspected and confiscated by the Royal Mail Postal Service if hard-core pornography is *suspected* and/or discovered. First time caught, you are given a "warning"; next time around you're put in the clink. "Big Brother" is alive and well in today's United Kingdom—or what's left of it. Eastern European countries may try drastic action to liberalize their ruling classes, but over here the Tower of London's torture chambers are being spruced up—for lack of room in their over-crowded prisons (U.K. prisons are the most populated of *any* Western Democracy).

Ironically, the Iron Lady's reign may not last for very long, according to many insider reports. Thatcher's sex laws will be coming up against a brick wall with other members of the European Economic Community in 1992. Besides a common monetary system (the new money will be called "ECU"), there will be no border or customs inspections. There will be free passage of all imports and exports. And EEC, already regarded as a champion of human rights, has approved a) sexual consent from age 16, b) liberal publication and broadcasting rights (i.e. no censorship), c) nondiscrimination for homosexuals wishing to enter law enforcement agencies and military institutions, etc., etc. Germany, incidentally (Hanover to be precise), is the world's *largest* manufacturing center for pornographic books, magazines and films—a multimillion Deutschmark business.

Thatcher's relationship with Ronald Reagan over the past decade has been considered almost as an obscenity on this side of the Atlantic (in astrological readings, they had what is known as the Libra-Aquarian

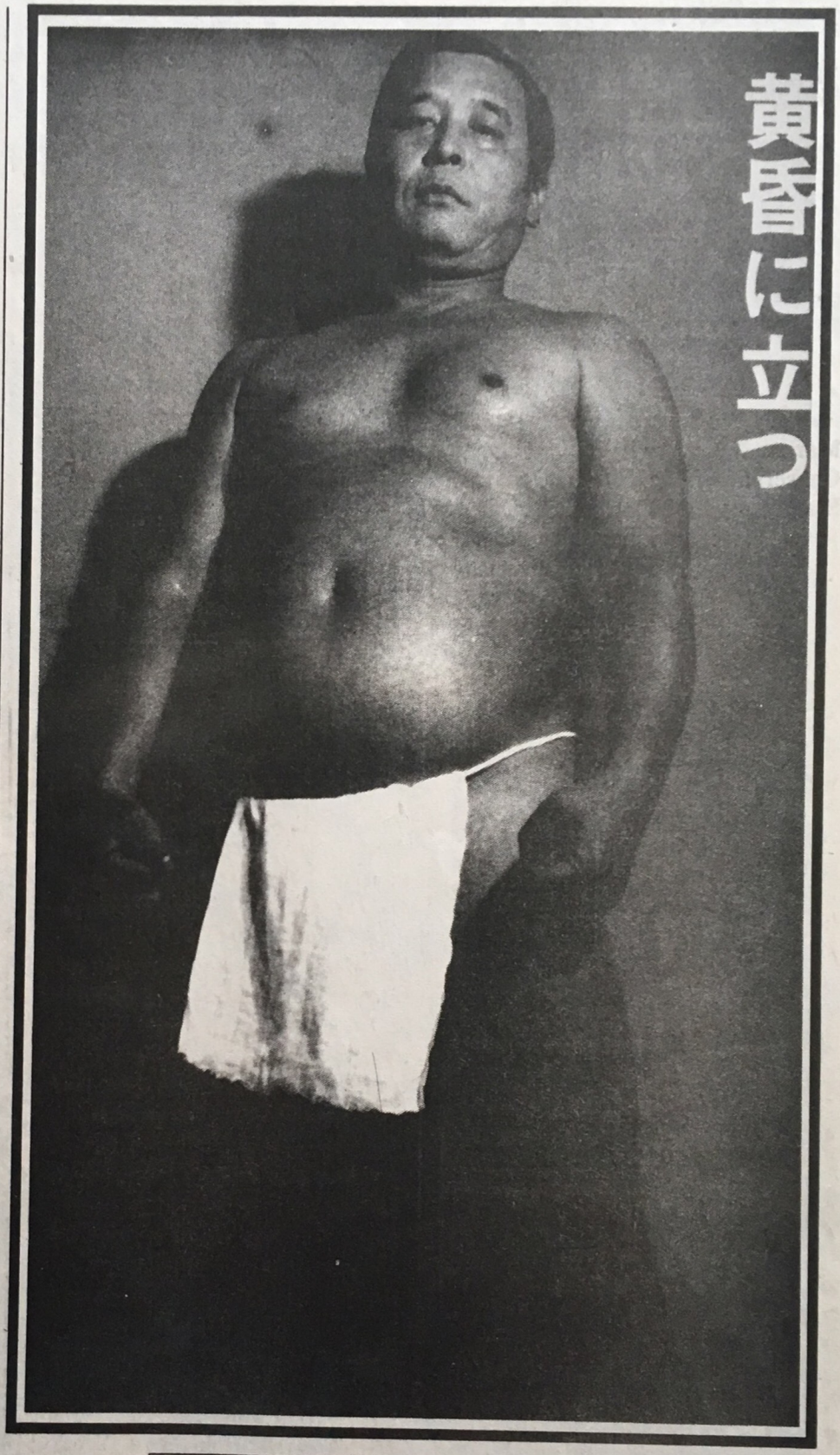
Syndrome). She demures, however, when it comes to George Bush (Gemini) because he treats her like the shopkeeper's daughter she is; whereas he, of course, is elevated to the rank of an assistant bank manager, according WASP status. The WASP class wars go on and on and on . . . .

How long is the dictatorship of Margaret Thatcher going to last, now that the Commie Bogey Man has vanished? Or George Bush, for that matter. Would you buy a used national guard rifle from Dan Quayle? Or maybe a used paper shredder from Ollie North? How about a HOLY DRUG WAR? [*At the beginning of this century the UK legalized booze because they were the largest producers/distributors of the stuff. Now at the end of the century it looks like the U.S.A. will be legalizing hard drugs because America is the largest user/distributor of the stuff. Want to make a bet?*] Why not invite Margaret Thatcher to hand over the Falkland Islands to George Bush so he can have an island-aircraft carrier from which to launch his Holy Drug War from the South Pole to the North Pole? [*President William Taft said in 1912: "The whole hemisphere will be ours in fact, as by virtue of our superiority of race, it already belongs to us morally." President Teddy Roosevelt was the first to invade Latin America in 1903. George Bush's invasion of Panama was the 13th in this century.*]

What we need are more human beings like the Tibetan Dalai Lama to listen to and follow: change by nonviolent means only. Otherwise, as my old buddy Jimmy Baldwin would have said: "THE *FIRE* NEXT TIME!"

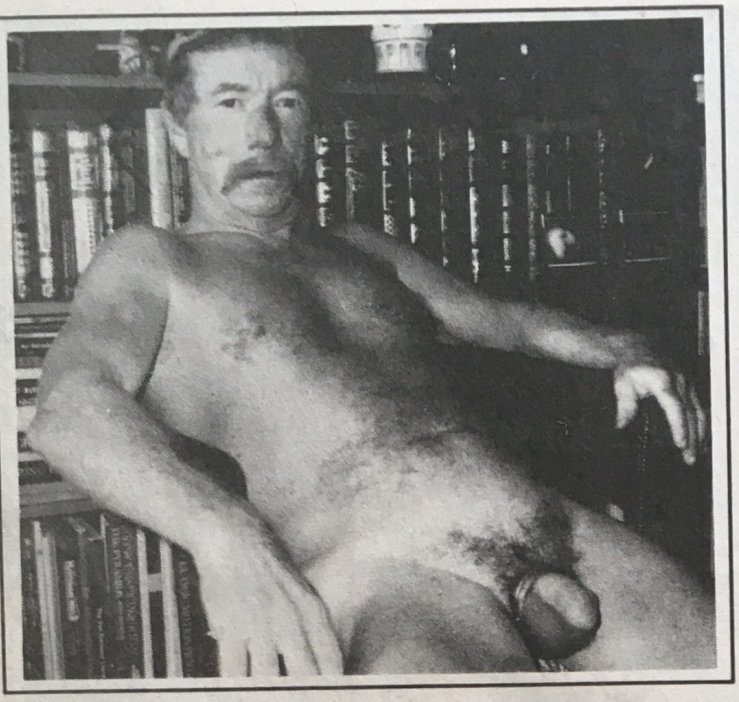
In my next letter I'll open the doors to the great city of Glasgow, Scotland, where living is easy and the meat market is *prime*!

Cheers!
January, 1990,
Catford (London)

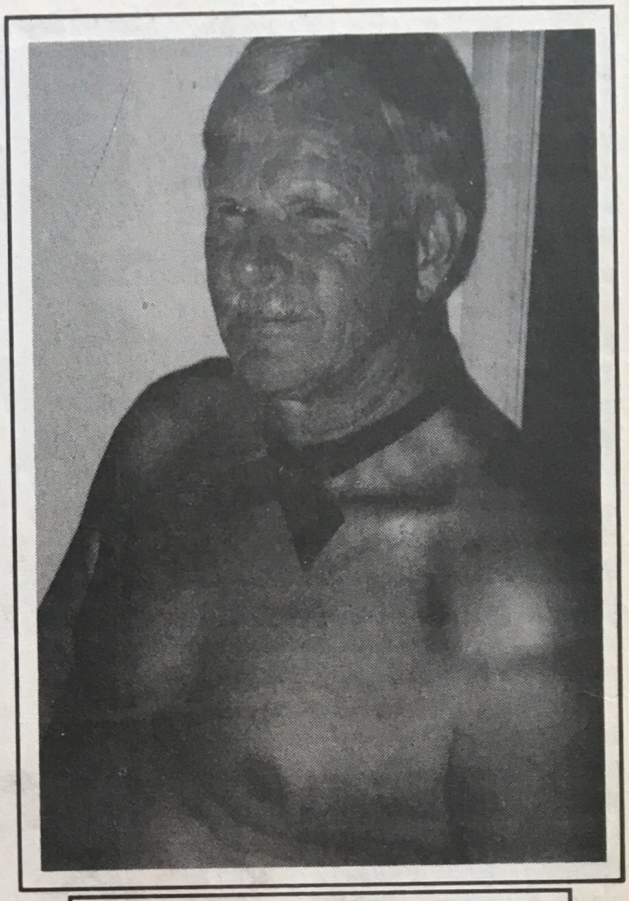


THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF SAMSON

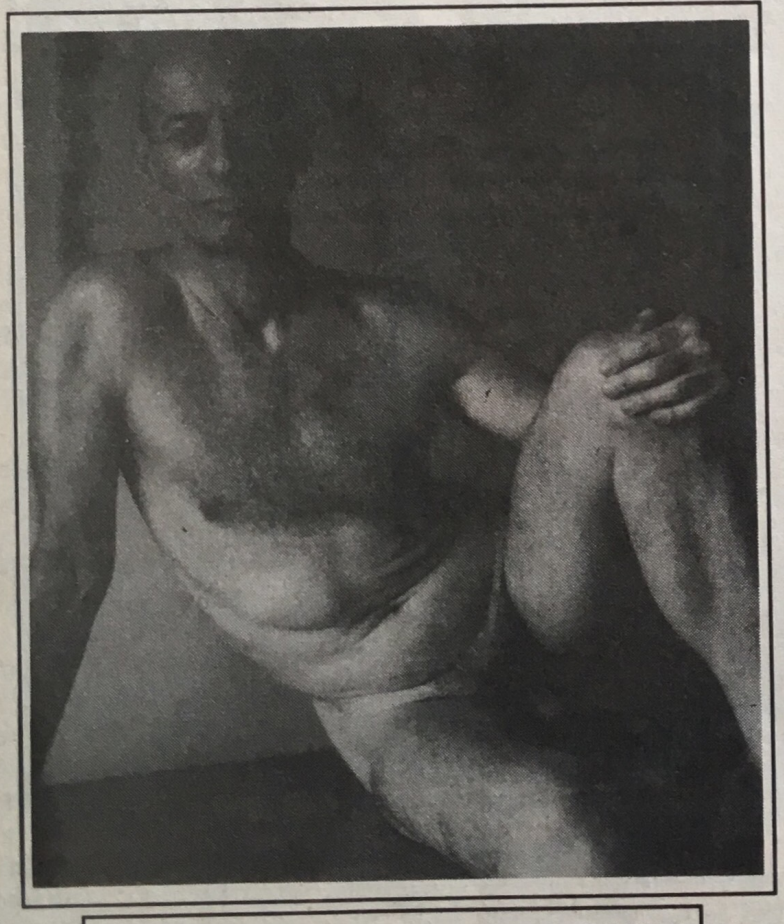
George Solomos is a 64-year-old publisher, editor, writer, director, producer and intellectual entrepreneur who currently resides in London. He founded and edited the literary magazine ZERO, which flourished in Paris and Tangiers in the 40s and 50s. In the 70s he founded/edited ZERO REVIEW in Philadelphia. He has also written/directed movies in Italy and produced major films for the BBC in London. Mr. Solomos is currently considering his own mature men video project for distribution in European formats.



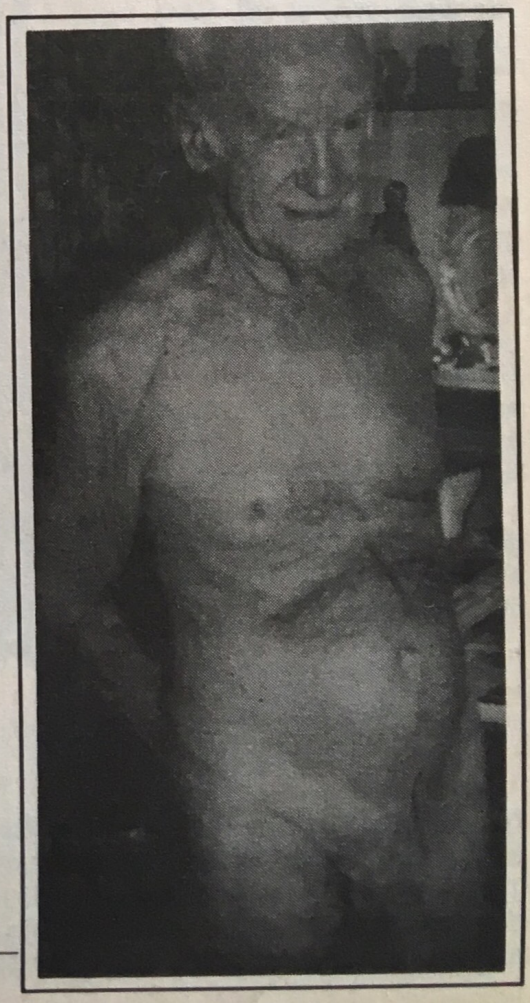
KIMO . . . photo by T.C.



BIG JOHN . . . photo by JOHN



KEN . . . photo by ROBERT DRISCOLL



WON BOL BILL . . . photo by UNCLE HERBIE

RAIDER 84

XYLOPHANG--THE STATE OF SENIOR VIDEOS

It isn't fair to put pressure on our pioneer senior video producers, but I'm going to do it anyway. According to Pat and The Friar, C-R gets at least one letter a day asking about the status of videos for seniors and their admirers. According to Pat, four video projects are now under way:

1. SAMSON is still trying to locate a distributor in the U.S. for their videos, two of which I have seen and enjoyed thoroughly. Their videos feature lots of gray hair with stocky bodies. They're uncensored too.

2. WAYNE HAMPTON in Ft. Lauderdale is currently working on a non-erotic video, featuring older couples. No estimate is known as to his release date.

3. P.R. SIMON PRODUCTIONS in Van Nuys, California, is working on a video project featuring older models. These guys are really good and have released several videos of interest to Big Guys. Pat says that they will advertise their video in C-R very soon. Release is expected this month.

4. KENT JUSTICE, that hot shot artist/ photographer/ videographer from near New Orleans (who is lucky enough to be hitched to THE COLONEL) has sent Pat and The Friar a prototype video which apparently knocked our C-R Boy's socks off. Since the C-R Boys refuse to copy the video for anyone (it contains footage of models who aren't ready for stardom), I just had to go and see it for myself.

What follows is my review:

SOUTHERN CONNECTIONS by JUSTICE PRODUCTIONS

Although this video is only a prototype and excludes final editing, it has more style than you can shake a stick at. KENT wastes no time in mesmerizing his audience, starting off with a variably paced, frenzied suck fest between himself and an unidentified BEAR, who pounds KENT's head into a sofa. The brilliant audio selection features an exotic, pulsing back beat which ignites the action. There are sweet, wholesome scenes between KENT and THE COLONEL which leave no doubt about the immense love between these two men. There is a vignette with THE PROFESSOR that vies with scenes from classic movies ("God's Little Acre," "Last Tango In Paris," "Taxi Zum Klo") as the most evocatively erotic scene ever witnessed by this writer. KENT close-ups that hauntingly handsome man's face, then pans over his stocky, grey-haired body, finally zeroing in on his flaccid, pre-cum-leaking cock. A sparkle emits from the close-up of the drop of pre-cum. SIZZZZZZZZLE!! There are ethereal facial close-ups of THE COLONEL which will leave you wondering why KENT isn't a famous movie director by now. The video includes a very well-acted and directed segment featuring THE BIKER (we understand that this segment will be released in the commercial video). The viewer follows this gorgeous, built-like-a-brick-shit-house, senior hunk as he awakens to a new day, has his coffee, reads his paper, then masturbates to a model in a porn magazine. And as your testicles begin to ache as if they were in a vise, KENT hits you with his *coupe de grace*: a shower scene (as good as the one in "Dressed to Kill") between WARLOCK and a good looking younger man--a scene that will forever give you a throbbing erection every time you take a shower.

I've seen thousands of erotic videos, but this is the first one to really haunt me. The music still plays in my head; the close-ups are still etched in my mind. The sound of a shower conjures up images of a stocky, gray-hairy body and a thick, drooling cock being worshipped by a young man.

Come on, WAYNE HAMPTON, SAMSON and P.R. SIMON and KENT JUSTICE. Your audience is just itching to make you rich!

[Editor's Note: KENT needs models for two more segments, as well as a partner, buyer or distributor who will receive the original and get it reproduced and distributed. Anyone interested in getting in on this should contact KENT JUSTICE through CHIRON RISING.]

IN CLOSING

This issue marks the end of our fourth year in the publishing business. It has been a lean, educational, frustrating and spiritually uplifting experience. In spite of all the obstacles, this magazine is still well worth publishing. We are determined to reach our ultimate goal, which is the creation of a publication that benefits *all* mature men and those men who love them. With maturity, thoughts expand to include profound subjects like mortality, life priorities and the search for--or nuturing of existing--substantive relationships. Our message must therefore include matters of the soul, mind, heart . . . *and* libido.

The Friar and I have been humbled by the substance and depth of some of our contributors. We are awed by the fierce dedication of our readers. We are inspired by the enthusiasm of our army of supporters. All these things combine to form a very powerful core of positive energy.

Will that core of positive energy keep us growing and vital? We believe so.

We therefore thank our readers and contributors for making all this possible. Without you men, we'd be just the faded memory of a Long Beach newsletter that fell by the wayside.

***

After reading thousands of letters over a period of four years, we've arrived at the understanding that many of our readers don't consider themselves part of the "gay community" for a host of reasons. We respect that and wish to inform all our readers that CHIRON RISING welcomes all mature men and their male admirers, be they 21 or 80+, thin or super chub, dark-skinned or light-skinned, prudish or kinky, activist or closeted, liberal or conservative. Whatever you call yourself--gay, homosexual, sevo, bisexual, straight, trade, curious--you are welcome. We're not in this business to browbeat or indoctrinate. We're here to enrich, entertain and bring people together.

Pat and The Friar

PERSONAL AD FORM

NOTE: PLEASE NOTE REVISED ADVERTISING RATES. THE DEADLINE FOR RECEIPT OF ADS FOR THE JUNE 90 ISSUE IS APRIL 16, 1990.

Personal ads for subscribers are priced at 30 cents per word, with a minimum order of $10.
Personal ads for non-subscribers are priced at 60 cents per word, with a minimum order of $20.
Codewords for subscribers are $5 per issue. Codewords cannot be provided for non-subscribers.
A telephone verification charge of $5 is required for the publication of telephone numbers.
Please provide **all** the following information:

AD HEADING:(allcaps)_____

MESSAGE: (Use attachment if more space needed.)_____
_____
_____
_____
_____

AD CLOSING: (Name you want published)_____(Address)_____
_____(City, State, Zip)_____

Note: Use real name, alias or initials, followed by mailing address. Do not use "Occupant" or "Box Holder" with P.O. boxes or drop boxes. Do not leave name blank.

CODEWORD: (If required)_____.

Note: Leave above AD CLOSING blank if you use a Codeword. State any fictitious one word name and we will forward all mail to you. If that particular codeword has already been assigned, we will assign another.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NAME (not for publication):_____

AD DURATION:_____ Issues

PRICING: _____Words @ ___(30 or 60) cents/word X _____Issues = $_____

Codeword (if applicable) - _____ Issues @$5 = $_____

Telephone verification (if applicable) @ $5 (one time charge) $_____

Total Enclosed $_____

Note: Items like "GWM," "J/O," "P.O.," "A/P" and numbers count as one word. We will not allow descriptions of body weight, mannerisms, skin color, etc. in a negative context. CLEARLY specify what you *seek*, not what you *exclude*.

I hereby authorize CHIRON RISING to publish the above ad, and I take sole responsibility for any resulting relationship or incident.
(Sign)_____

Mail to: CHIRON RISING, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

SUBSCRIPTION AND AND BACK/SPECIAL ISSUE ORDER FORM

	NORTH AMERICA	ELSEWHERE
6 months (3 bi-monthly issues), starting with ____.	$18.98	$26.00
1 year (6 bi-monthly issues), starting with ____.	34.55	50.00
2 year (12 bi-monthly issues),starting with ____.	62.00	96.00

Is this a renewal? Yes____ No____

BACK ISSUES	SUBSCRIBERS	NON-SUB	OVERSEAS SUB	O/S NON-SUB
SWAN August 88	$ 2.00	$ 4.00	$ 5.00	$ 7.00
SWAN October 88	2.00	4.00	5.00	7.00
SWAN December 88	2.00	4.00	5.00	7.00
CHIRON RISING Apr 89	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00
CHIRON RISING Jun 89	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00
CHIRON RISING Aug 89	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00
CHIRON RISING Oct 89	3.00	5.00	6.00	8.00
CHIRON RISING Dec 89	6.00	8.00	9.00	11.00
CHIRON RISING Feb 90	6.00	8.00	9.00	11.00
SPECIAL ISSUES				
ENCORE COLLECTION Nov 89	15.95	17.95	18.95	20.95
MAY 90 SPECIAL ISSUE *	11.00	13.00	14.00	16.00

* Available May 15, 1990

NOTE: THE ABOVE SPECIAL ISSUES CANNOT BE PURCHASED WITHOUT A SIGNED RELEASE BELOW. AVAILABLE TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY IN FL, GA, NC, NE, TX, TN or UT.

NOTE TO OVERSEAS CUSTOMERS: WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY YOUR CUSTOMS OFFICIALS. RESIDENTS OF ENGLAND AND NEW ZEALAND ARE WARNED THAT TWO CONSECUTIVE CONFISCATIONS COULD GET YOU IN HOT WATER WITH HER MAJESTY'S MORALITY POLICE.

ALL ISSUES ARE MAILED VIA FIRST CLASS MAIL IN THE U.S. AND AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE. NO EXPRESS MAIL. CIRCLE ITEMS ORDERED AND ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER IN U.S. FUNDS (MONEY ORDER ONLY FROM OVERSEAS—NO CHECKS), PAYABLE TO CHIRON RISING. SEND CASH AT YOUR OWN RISK. MAIL TO CHIRON RISING, P.O. BOX 2589, VICTORVILLE, CA 92393.

I CERTIFY THAT I'M OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE AND ACKNOWLEDGE THAT I AM REQUESTING SEXUALLY EXPLICIT, HOMOSEXUAL/BISEXUAL-ORIENTED MATERIALS. I AM NOT A LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICIAL, POSTAL INSPECTOR OR MEMBER OF ANY CENSORSHIP GROUP. I WILL NOT EXHIBIT THIS MATERIAL TO A MINOR OR EXPOSE IT TO ANY PERSON WHOSE PRIVACY OR SENSIBILITIES MIGHT BE OFFENDED. I WILL NOT GIVE AWAY OR SELL THIS MATERIAL TO ANOTHER. SIGNED:_____

NAME:_____
ADDRESS:_____
CITY/STATE/ZIP:_____